

It's only you (I always fall back into you)

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/48253924) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/48253924>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	TOMORROW X TOGETHER TXT (Korea Band) , ATEEZ (Band)
Relationship:	Choi Soobin/Choi Yeonjun , Choi Beomgyu/Kang Taehyun , Choi San/Jung Wooyoung (ATEEZ)
Character:	Choi Soobin , Choi Yeonjun , Choi Beomgyu , Kang Taehyun , Huening Kai , Jung Wooyoung (ATEEZ) , Choi San (ATEEZ) , Park Seonghwa , Kim Hongjoong , Kang Yeosang , Jeong Yunho (ATEEZ) , Song Mingi (ATEEZ) , Choi Jongho (ATEEZ) , ATEEZ Ensemble
Additional Tags:	Friends to Lovers , Established Relationship , Oblivious Choi Soobin , Oblivious Choi Yeonjun , Oblivious Choi San and Jung Wooyoung (ATEEZ) , Sad Choi Yeonjun , Not Actually Unrequited Love , Alternate Universe - College/University , Semi-Public Sex , Dry Humping , Jealousy , Choi Soobin Is Bad At Feelings , Choi Yeonjun Is Bad At Feelings , Hook-Up , Whipped Choi Yeonjun , Bottom Choi Yeonjun , Top Choi Soobin , Best Friends Choi Soobin & Choi Yeonjun , Shy Choi Soobin , Hurt/Comfort , Angst with a Happy Ending , Miscommunication , Author Is Sleep Deprived , It's 3 am , I wrote smut ish and idk how to feel but its here now I guess , Not Beta Read , I am my own reader , Original Character(s) , Yeonjun wants to cry a lot but doesn't , Author is slightly projecting but I think that's just from the lack of sleep , Choi Soobin is Trying , Choi Yeonjun Needs a Hug , Choi Soobin Is A Mess , Protective Choi San (ATEEZ) , Jung Wooyoung is Bad at Feelings (ATEEZ) , Choi San is Bad at Feelings (ATEEZ) , Best Friends Choi Yeonjun & Jung Wooyoung (ATEEZ) , Complicated Relationships , Friends With Benefits , Jealous Choi Soobin , Protective Choi Soobin , Pinning lots of pinning , College University Student Choi Yeonjun , College University Student Choi Soobin , Kang Taehyun is Bad at Feelings , Choi Beomgyu Is Bad At Feelings , Idiots in Love , Choi Soobin Needs a Hug
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2023-06-30 Completed: 2023-08-25 Words: 29,700 Chapters: 6/6

It's only you (I always fall back into you)

by [Celestjun](#)

Summary

Choi Yeonjun had always been in love with his best friend and never really gotten to fall out of it. But what he didn't know was that seeing him kissing a girl would be his breaking point.

Or Choi Yeonjun figures out how to cope with the thought of his best friend falling for someone else that isn't him and sharing these said problems with San who was in the same boat as him with an oblivious Wooyoung.

Notes

Helloooo I've wanted to write this for a long while and I decided to add Ateez to the mix since I started to get really into them hehe. It's also my first time writing smut so :")

I'll update when I can hehe

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

The kiss that wasn't mine

Yeonjun had always liked Soobin, sure their first meeting wasn't the most pleasant, but everything other than that, Yeonjun found himself wanting more of him. More than what Soobin thought he was satisfied with.

Yeonjun and Soobin had known each other for a long time. Since the beginning of high school and now in university. These two were stuck to the hip and Yeonjun made sure everyone knew it.

Their dynamic was honestly laughable at the start. Choi Yeonjun who was loud and had everyone's attention pointed towards him. Yeonjun, who basked in the compliments people sent his way and flirted with everyone around him, was friends with Soobin. Choi Soobin didn't like the attention like Yeonjun did. He never had the aura that commanded the room to stare at him, he enjoyed staying indoors more than outdoors and watching cartoon movie trailers on mall ads like a child. That's how they started, and sure there were a few changes here and there but nothing too drastic. Because it was still them, and no one questioned it after.

Until University came up and Soobin grew up with Yeonjun watching him.

Soon, the shy nerdy Soobin that he met started to dress properly, be it a cardigan or sweater vest with his thick black framed glasses in his lectures or long sleeved shirts with the top buttons open during parties and glitters on his neck.

He grew out his hair a little more and his cute chubby cheeks gave way to his jawline ultimately giving him a more structured and matured appearance.

Yeonjun easily found Soobin one of the hottest guys in their school, and it's not just being biased.

"Yeonjun hyung, are you done yet?" He hears the blonde call for him, his footsteps becoming louder as he enters the bedroom.

Yeonjun's clothes were scattered on the bed from having a fashion crisis for his outfit.

"Hyung, what are you doing? The party doesn't start until 7 pm. It's 7 am. We still have classes before this." Soobin reminds him as he pushes some of the clothes to the side to give him a bit of room to sit on the bed.

Yeonjun turns around, a pout displayed on his lips.

"My dear sweet Soobinie, I'm not only looking for my outfit for the party, I'm also looking for my uni outfit duh." he says as if it's the most obvious thing in the world.

"Hyung, it's school. What's the point of dressing up for that?"

"says you! You legit look good in those preppy type clothing without trying, I however, like to dress it up a bit. You know how I am" he says dramatically, "Will I really be the Choi Yeonjun without my flair?"

"mhm, whatever you say hyung. You'll look good in anything that you wear since you look good even if you're dressed up or not." Soobin tried to reassure him.

Yeonjun walks up to him, standing in between his thighs as he slings his arms around his neck with Soobin automatically putting his big hands on Yeonjun's hips.

If Yeonjun's heart skipped a beat from that and the butterflies in his stomach started dancing around, he'll never tell.

"Binnie..."

"Yeonjunie"

"Are you saying that I'm pretty enough for you even without doing anything?" he asked teasingly.

But Soobin looked him in the eyes and Yeonjun swore that the butterflies were churning even more now.

"You've always been pretty for me hyung. I've always found you pretty, you can wear your most expensive and loud outfits or you could just be wearing an old worn out t-shirt from high school and I would still find you the prettiest in the crowd." Soobin responds in a hushed tone, as if it was meant to be a secret meant for only the two of them to know. As if Yeonjun was just a sight for Soobin to see and no one else.

As if Yeonjun was his.

Their moment soon got interrupted by Soobin's phone ringing with no other than Choi Beomgyu as the caller, with a picture of his disproportionately face as the face ID.

Yeonjun tried to slip away from their intimate position but felt Soobin hold his waist tighter causing Yeonjun to stay as they were.

"WHERE THE HELL ARE YOU TWO"

"Yah Choi Beomgyu watch your mouth, do you have a megaphone inside you or something?" Yeonjun warns him, causing Beomgyu to only roll his eyes at the elder.

"dude, classes start at like, 8. You have like, 30 minutes to get your asses here unless you want to skip." Beomgyu says flatly until a red haired Taehyun takes the phone from him.

"Beomgyu's just salty because he doesn't want to go to class by himself, but seriously, you guys should hurry up." Taehyun says calmly, a whole new tone compared to aggressive Beomgyu.

And that's how they ended up detangling from each other, with Yeonjun giving up and wearing a white hoodie with black graphics on it and wide legged jeans with the accessory of his headphones.

They both entered their first year in uni when Soobin started going to parties with Yeonjun after one night when Yeonjun was getting ready for one of the senior's parties at the start of the year. Soobin had asked him how it was even if Yeonjun was sure that he already knows how it is- or at least how it looks from the outside with vomiting teenagers and people making out or passed out in front of the house when Yeonjun asked him to pick him up the first time.

Before he knew it, Soobin started tagging along with him, always clinging onto his side but now Yeonjun doesn't even know where he was at times.

And God did Yeonjun wish it was that right now because he's pretty sure he was going to throw up.

A moment earlier, they were doing their usual thing, a routine that they got used to at this point.

Yeonjun would pull Soobin to the bar, drink a shit ton of whatever was there, and Soobin in tow of whatever he was also downing. While drinking, their eyes flickered to Beomgyu being pulled by Taehyun out of the bathroom, and judging from their delirious state and Beomgyu's limp, they just finished their unholy activity which made Yeonjun and Soobin both grossed out as if they weren't already used to the couple acting like lovesick fools. Then they would dance, laughing at their clumsy steps as people squished them. But Yeonjun felt himself drawing closer, masking his touches on the blonde's body as nothing more than feeling the music and not just an excuse to feel him up. And he would be lying if his heart didn't pick up when Soobin started to do the same. Large hands caressing his body, and at one point even pulling him even closer than they were earlier.

Yeonjun's mind began to run even faster, the alcohol in his system soon turning into some sort of adrenaline fuel as they touched in ways and places they never had before.

Sweat on sweat, skin on skin, body on body.

Their eyes met, both hazy and high but Yeonjun couldn't get enough of it. The music dulled down into a buzz that he couldn't pay attention to because all he could see was him.

The smell of alcohol fanning his face as Soobin pulls him closed, their noses touching and the thumping in Yeonjun's heart had transferred to his throat. His eyes draw to the blonde's red lips, painted with his favorite flavored chapstick that he knows is mixed up with the random alcohol that they drank earlier.

Soobin's gonna kiss me.

But then Soobin smiled at him and as a response, Yeonjun couldn't help but do the same, their foreheads touching as the smell of each other's alcohol breath mixing as they kept giggling for no reason at all. In the crowd of 500 in this party, Yeonjun could only focus on him. And god he would be lying if he said that his love for this man had increased ten folds.

Soobin's gonna kiss me.

But he didn't.

The expectations of those lips on his burnt down to nothing. Because soon enough, Soobin was pulling away, and Yeonjun didn't know how to respond or act anymore.

"Hyung, are you okay?" Soobin asked him.

Yeonjun blinked. "Yeah, yeah of course I am Binnie" he responds, the aftershock of what was about to happen still fresh in his mind. In reality, Yeonjun was *not* okay with it.

The world was suddenly spinning in his head as what had happened dawned upon him.

Yeonjun was ready for that kiss, was ready to laugh and call it a drunken mistake the next morning and return to how they usually were. But it never came. And he was devastated.

"Hey Bin, I'll just go back to the bar and drink a couple more okay? I think the alcohol is wearing off already" He jokes, yet his tone was not at all convincing. Well, he wasn't lying, the alcohol did wear off. How could it not after that?

Oh how Yeonjun wished he didn't leave Soobin after.

Slightly tipsy again after downing who knows how many shots, Yeonjun ventured out of the bar to

find the blonde again, and he did find him. But not in the circumstances that he felt comfortable with.

There stood Soobin, dancing in the middle with a *girl*. A girl who wasn't *him*.

Yeonjun felt sick, the liquor he took ready to come out of him.

And then he *kissed* her.

Her. And not *him*.

He felt like he was going to cry or throw up or maybe both.

So that's what he did, he ran to the bathroom and locked himself in, throwing up everything he drank in the past 4 hours that he was there.

What was that.

Flushing down the murky green gray content, he turned over to the sink, opening the tap as he gurgled the taste of vomit on his mouth.

He looked at himself in the mirror, his hair all messed and tousled, sweat clinging on his forehead and his eyes were red from the crying. Yeonjun couldn't help but laugh at himself. He just wanted to go home. He just wanted to go home and cry and pull himself together. Because of course Soobin would do that. It's a party, he wanted to have fun just like what Yeonjun has been doing all these years since they've known each other.

With a new sense of adrenaline from this, Yeonjun marched out of the bathroom, eyes scanning the room as he slid himself back into the dance floor, swaying his body in a more sensual way that he knew would catch someone's attention.

And sure enough it did.

He feels hands sliding on his waist, the person moving to Yeonjun's rhythm.

"Yeonjun, you're looking pretty hot tonight, like always" he hears the person whisper in his ear. He wanted to laugh at that line. Who the hell says that like, well, *that*.

Yeonjun turned his body around, slinging his arms around his neck and pulled the person closer.

Yeonjun mutters to his ear, "that's a really cheesy line San, how are you able to get around with anyone at this point?" This in turn made San laugh, the sides of his eyes crinkling.

"I get around pretty fine thank you very much, and it's not that bad. You'd be surprised how many girls I got from that." He defends himself making Yeonjun's inside churn again at the mention of girls as he remembered Soobin and the bitch he was with.

"Gross, I don't want to learn about your sex life like that."

"Hey, don't act as if you don't have an active sex life either."

Yeonjun just rolled his eyes at this because he was right. Yeonjun got around, he got around just fine with people. And hearing San say that reminded him of why he came back to the dance floor inside of pitying himself and calling a cab home and eat ice cream in his and Soobin's shared apartment.

San was a fine man, that he knows.

They're in the same department and how they even got close is how people would assume and gossip about their sex life and how jealous they were and blah blah. They would laugh and scoff at these people most of the time since sometimes, or well, most of the time, the things they talk about is all bullshit that someone made up.

Yeonjun looked at San's face and honestly he wasn't against kissing him even. He is an attractive guy. Even if he wasn't Soobin.

Yeonjun pulled San closer, his arms on his neck wandering up and down from his neck and hair while San kept running his hands on Yeonjun's waist, sometimes fiddling with the sheer fabric of his cropped black tank top.

Soon enough they were making out, no hint of care or romance but lust and hunger for each other. Hands touching anywhere and everywhere, Yeonjun pulling San closer and San running his hands inside Yeonjun's tank top, caressing his body. Yeonjun moaned into the kiss, his mind clouded with hunger and desire.

This is what Yeonjun was used to. This was the type of intimacy he had gone through with so many people for pleasure.

The thoughts of Soobin with the bitch popped up in his mind again, the way Soobin touched her, his soft plump lips pressed on to her's as if he wasn't touching him and acting as if Yeonjun was the only person in the room with him 10 minutes before her.

He shouldn't care about Soobin in that way.

Soobin was his best friend, he can make out with whoever he wants and date whoever he wants just like how Yeonjun can do the same.

His inner battles with himself in his head along with the cloud of lust looming over him turned their supposed brief make out session into more than that.

Soon enough Yeonjun pulled San to the corner where barely anyone occupied the space and was touching San in places that shouldn't be touched in public and San doing the same.

Yeonjun rolled his hips on to San, their crotch rubbing against each other's hard ons. San slid his hands down to Yeonjun's ass, giving it a squeeze before sliding it inside of his pants, fondling it without the barrier of Yeonjun's clothing.

Thank god they weren't in the middle and were in the corner or else this would have been a feast for the public eye with both of them moaning and panting as they touched each other more and more, getting close to their high. San latched his lips on Yeonjun's neck, nibbling and biting the tan skin making Yeonjun moan and whine, his hands going to San's hair, gripping on it as he bared his neck to give him more space to mark.

They continued their activity, San rolling his crotch onto his and Yeonjun moaning out his name, the fabric of his jeans were starting to tint with his pre-cum. Both of them came, their pants both soaked in their own cum and sweat.

Everything was going well for him, his mind fully focused on the high of their unholy activities without a thought of a certain blonde.

Until he opened his eyes, and through his hazy vision, saw Soobin still with her. His hands are also

roaming on her body and kissing her. But what took Yeonjun out was when they separated, he saw Soobin smile at her, and it wasn't his fake pleasantries smile, but it was his real genuine smile with his cute dimples out and displayed for her.

Yeonjun felt the shame and disgust building up in him again as it fought his previous lust. He wanted to cry. He wanted Soobin. He wanted Soobin to smile at him and not her. He wanted to kiss Soobin's lips, and for Soobin to touch him the way that he would feel loved and cared for and not as an object of lust and attraction.

Maybe this is why Soobin didn't want him. Because Yeonjun was a slut.

Just earlier this morning, Soobin was telling him that he was pretty. That he was the prettiest in the crowd and Soobin had acted like he would've chosen him over anyone else in this room.

But he didn't. Yeonjun wasn't the person that he kissed.

"Yeonjun? Hey dude, are you okay?"

his head snaps back to San who looked at him worriedly.

No. He's not okay. He wanted to curl up in a ball and cry his eyes out all over again.

"Do you wanna get out of here?" he hears San offer, his voice stern. He looks at him and sees that San was also looking at the view that he was staring at earlier.

Soobin with the bitch still smiling and clinging onto each other, acting as if they were the only two people in the room. The same way that they had acted earlier.

"Yeah, can we? I kind of want to change out of this." Yeonjun says jokingly yet his voice says otherwise.

So this is how Yeonjun ended up in San's apartment.

His makeup was all gone as he washed it all off in his sob fest shower.

God he was pathetic.

Here he was mourning his love for Soobin while in another man's house while wearing San's oversized clothes that reminded him of how Soobin's clothes would fit him and how they would smell like him and how he would sleep in it or walk around the house with only his shirt on and- God everything reminded him of Soobin.

He was sitting in the living room, his eyes focusing on the blank tv screen as he just watched his still posture mocking his miserable state.

The bathroom door opens revealing a newly showered San who was wearing matching blue pajamas. Yeonjun snorted at this even at his state which earned a small glare from San.

"Are you feeling better?" "I still feel like shit but better than earlier, thanks" he responds, giving him a small smile.

"Jun, I don't mean to pry but, what's the deal with you and Soobin earlier?"

A pause. "Nothing. We're just friends, San."

And wow was that pill harder to swallow now.

San furrowed his brows at this, "look, dude, I only realized late earlier that like you were only down to fuck as a distraction and I totally get it- well- no, not really, I don't wanna assume what's going on between you and mister blondie earlier but you're welcome to stay here for now if it makes you that uncomfortable to be with him like earlier." He offers and god could Yeonjun cry right now.

"Thanks San, I really appreciate it" he smiles, "and I really am sorry for how rash I acted earlier."

"Nah it's cool man, I'm the one that came to you in the first place."

Another pause passed by them before Yeonjun asked him, "how obvious is it? Or, well, how obvious am I about *him*?"

San pondered on it before responding, "Well to be fair you looked like you were about to start crying in the club earlier and you were sobbing your eyes off in the car so--"

that earned a punch on the shoulder by Yeonjun which made San laugh at him.

Truth be told, Yeonjun was closer to Wooyoung than he was to San, they met through him actually. That's how he also ended up meeting the rest of the gang. This had to be the first proper interaction that they had with each other outside of school or the dance room.

All of a sudden they hear the main door opening revealing a very drunk Wooyoung, his clothes crumpled and a mess with a dazed look on his face.

He sees San scowl as he stares at his friend from the side, making Yeonjun raise a brow at this.

Wooyoung finally saw Yeonjun on the couch, realizing that they weren't home alone.

"Junnies you're here!" Wooyoung giggles, wobbling over to him which made Yeonjun open his arms, catching his friend in his embrace.

"Hey Wooyoung" he smiles at the drunk, "you reek of alcohol, go take a shower okay?" Yeonjun says, patting Wooyoung on the butt before ushering him to go to the bathroom. When they heard Wooyoung shut the bathroom door, he heard San let out a frustrated sigh as the man pinched the bridge of his nose.

Again, Yeonjun raised a brow at this.

"Um... San, do you have a problem with Woo?"

At this, San sighed again. "Not really, well, I don't know. I just hate seeing him get home after a night out. Mostly when he looks like this."

"Look like what?"

"You know what I mean!"

"Nope I'm not following" Yeonjun says cluelessly which made San groan.

"He looks like he got mauled or something." San says, "He looked like he got back from a random one night stand." he clarifies again.

Yeonjun blinks at this. What?

"Wait, hold up, backtrack a little." before saying slowly, "You're worked up at Wooyoung having fun with other people when we legit just dry humped each other on a random ass wall an hour ago?"

San just stares at him. frustration and defeat shadowing his face. Yeonjun couldn't help but laugh at this.

Oh they were idiots. Total idiots.

Wooyoung doesn't even realize that his roommate has been pinning on him all this time is funny enough but San and him being on the same boat is fucking hilarious.

"Do you wanna drink it out?" He offers.

"Dude, we legit just came back from a party after drinking so much. I'm pretty sure if we were to go broke we wouldn't be able to sell our liver from all the alcohol we've been taking." San says with a straight face.

Yeonjun hums in agreement, "that's fair. Then do you just wanna just order some fast food and watch a movie with Woo if he sobers up?"

"Yeah that's fine with me." And that's how he ended up staying at their apartment for the night, too lazy to go home at 3 am, and too hurt to see Soobin so soon without knowing the amount of missed calls he received from a worried blonde.

Of glow stars and cramped childhood beds is where I loved you.

Chapter Summary

If yeonjun had to describe Soobin, it would be glow stars, cramped childhood beds, and his arms that he considered home.

Chapter Notes

Hello I am back!! To be honest this chapter is kind just heartbreaking for me from all the push and pull but it's okay because pain is necessary for them to grow (i think).

Anyways, as per usual I will upload whenever I can, and don't forget to leave a kudos or comment if you liked it thank you!!!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

It's a year after meeting Soobin did Yeonjun realize that his feelings for him were more than curiosity. Another year passed after that when he realized that his feelings were more than curiosity and friendship combined.

Their interactions that used to be one sided, with Yeonjun bothering Soobin in hopes of getting him out of his shell, slowly turned into a mutual concept between them. When Yeonjun would tease him, younger Soobin shy away, a blush creeping up from his neck to his ears turning them red. But the Soobin who started to feel comfortable with him after he spent a year testing the waters, reciprocated Yeonjun's teasing and affection.

Soobin had started initiating things on his own not long after that, he would start hugging him or holding his hand or even sometimes teasing Yeonjun until a blush would creep up on his face and would be too flustered for a response.

Before he fell in love with Soobin, he was just the boy who he would sit with during class or lunch because of their mutual circle of friends. He had thought that he was like any other guy that would pass and go.

But then he remembered going to Soobin's house for a project back in 8th grade.

Remembered sitting on his carpeted floor and Soobin on his bed, as they planned out their work and design but only 30% of the work was done because soon enough, they were both lying down. Soobin had given him an awkward hand to join him cramped bed, and was squished way too close for two people who had only started talking properly 30 minutes ago.

They had talked about everything and nothing, laughing at the most random things and Yeonjun learning more things about the guy beside him. Ever since then he started going to his house more often after school. They would go up to his room, put some music on in the background and turn the lights off. Then they would lay on his tight, cramped bed that was meant to be for one person and just stare at the glow stars on the ceiling that Soobin decided to stick to when he was 10 years

old.

Then, there was that one day that had permanently stuck to his mind.

Soobin just breathed out a soft “*Junnie hyung*” against his neck and ear as they laid together in Soobin’s bed, his arms pulling Yeonjun by the waist and hugging him. That, for some reason, sent shivers down his back. Maybe it was because Yeonjun was the one who usually initiates contact, but Yeonjun found his heart beating faster, found his arms slowly hugging Soobin, burying his face on the crook of Soobin’s neck breathing in his scent that had started to smell like home.

In the darkness of Soobin’s room with only the glow stars as their source of light and the sound of Soobin’s patterned breathing with light music playing in the background, Yeonjun had realized that he was in love.

And he was terrified.

Yeonjun woke up with a splitting headache and limbs tangled on his own.

He groans, turning his head to the side to be met with a sleeping Wooyong, his hair sticking up in all directions and mouth slightly agape which made him snort.

Memories of last night came back to him, the loud music, the shots, the dancing.

Him and Soobin almost kissing.

Soobin kissing her.

And him coming home with San while sobbing uncontrollably in the car then watching the little mermaid on their tv while they ate on the floor, Wooyoung still slightly tipsy on his shoulder and then yeonjun crying again when “part of your world” started to play which startled Wooyoung to sobriety.

He groaned at this. God he was embarrassing.

He felt Wooyoung stir beside him and he stared down at his best friend who slowly opened their eyes.

“Good morning darling.”

Yeonjun smiled at this as he pulled the other closer to him, Wooyoung tightening his grip and cuddling deeper to Yeonjun.

“Good morning to you too honey.”

Then he hears the door opening to a shirtless San, his hair more tame than theirs, a clear indication that he woke up before them.

“Rise and shine darlings” he says, mocking the two darlings for their call name.

Yeonjun rolls his eyes at this before he kisses the sleeping Wooyoung on the forehead, making sure to look San in the eye while doing it, smirking at him as if he was challenging or bragging to him.

San narrowed his eyes at him before mouthing “You little shit” and turning around and walking

out.

Yeonjun detangles from him which brings out a whine from the other.

“Yah, wake up already” he just earned a groan at this.

He checked his phone and saw the amount of missed calls and messages he received from his friends. 2 from Kai, 4 from Taehyun, 6 from Beomgyu, and 24 from Soobin.

He pursed his lips at this as he debated whether or not to call back or just answer all their questions later in school. He decides on the latter, messaging Beomgyu a quick “I’ll explain later” before closing his phone and putting it back on the nightstand.

He got up and walked to the bathroom to wash up before forgetting that he wasn’t in their house and he had no clothes here. But perfect timing for him, he hears a knock on the door and opens it to see San standing there with neatly folded clothes for him.

“Thanks bae” he says teasingly, blowing him a kiss which San rolled his eyes at before closing the door again with a small smile on his face.

He unfolds them and sees that it’s San’s clothes again on top of his clothes from last night. It was either he wore San’s oversized clothes or his old clothes that smelled foul from the vomit and alcohol last night. He opted for the new clothes obviously, putting on the plain black shirt and gray sweats which were a little too big on his waist but he can manage.

He stares at his reflection, his hair was a wet mess, the tips slightly pricking him, face puffy from last night and eyes slightly swollen. He ignores all of this, but still proceeds to get the hair dryer hanging from the side of the mirror and allows himself to space out as the hot air of the dryer slowly dried up his hair.

After he was done, he came out to find Wooyoung teasing San in the kitchen, his arms wrapped around his neck hugging him while San was leaning back on the counter, arms on Wooyoung’s waist. It looked like he walked in on them doing something that Yeonjun shouldn’t be here for.

“Sannie, kiss! Kiss!” He hears Wooyoung say, sweetness dripping out of his teasing voice.

San jokingly scrunches his face at this, before smiling and kissing the tip of Wooyoung’s nose then cheeks. This had brought Wooyoung into a blushing mess, clearly not expecting for San to go with his teasing.

How are these two not dating yet?

Yeonjun cleared his throat making the two spring apart.

“Sorry to interrupt you guys but I’ll be leaving now, thanks for letting me stay”

He gave both of them a hug starting with San. He opened his eyes and saw Wooyoung looking at them with a frown on his face.

He separated from him before going to Wooyoung, giving him a longer one, before hearing Wooyoung whisper to him “I didn’t notice yesterday but what happened to your neck?”

Yeonjun froze at this before whispering back “it’s a long story.”

They separated and Wooyoung looked like he was deep in thought, staring back at San with his

lips pursed, before smiling at Yeonjun.

“you’re welcome any time here. Besides, we haven’t seen you in a while outside of school, don’t be a stranger to us okay?”

Yeonjun in turn, smiled at this too. He did feel quite guilty that he’s been a bit neglectful to his other friends outside of his friend group, and with his whole realization about his feelings towards Soobin, he’s been sticking to his side more than ever.

“Yeah, sorry about that” he says sheepishly, “we can go out this week if you like? There’s a new cafe open downtown and the three of us could just eat and catch up.”

“Yeah that sounds like a plan, send me the details?”

“Yup, I’ll send it before friday” He says before heading out of the door.

Yeonjun arrived at school just 10 minutes before their lecture ended. He didn’t realize how late he got up and he wasn’t sure if he even wanted to go to his classes today if he was being honest. He couldn’t take notes because he didn’t even have his backpack with his ipad and materials since he didn’t come home last night, and his phone was 6% and about to die on him if he wasn’t careful about not using it until he got home to charge.

So honestly, his only plan today was to kill some time in their usual spot in the cafeteria while waiting for the others to finish their classes.

Soon enough, the cafeteria was slowly being filled with loud and hungry college students, some looking like their soul got sucked out of them or stressed from their tests.

"Well look who decided to show up" Beomgyu hollers the others in tow behind him. Beomgyu's loud voice rang in Yeonjun's ears for a while which made him scowl.

"I know, I know. I overslept okay? Besides, it doesn't even matter since I'm not going to classes today."

“You’re not?” Taehyun asks, taking a bite of his sandwich.

“Can’t really go even if I wanted to. I don’t have my bag with me and my phone is about to die.” He shrugs.

“hm, fair enough.”

“Kai, how are you adjusting here by the way? Is it like how you expected it to be?” Yeonjun asks him.

You see, Hueningkai wasn’t from this university originally. He just transferred schools after he realized that studying all the way in Busan when he could’ve been here in Seoul where he was more used to and less lonely, was better for him. Hence why he’s been adjusting to the campus and people here.

“It’s pretty okay hyung, the dorm life here is better than my old uni and honestly, the lessons here are almost the same anyways so it’s not really that hard to adjust.” he says before adding on “the campus is pretty massive though.”

Yeonjun smiled at this before ruffling his newly dyed blonde hair earning a small whine from the boy.

He didn't notice that the neckhole of his shirt slid slightly to the side at this gesture, revealing more of his neck and collarbones.

"Okay enough with the small talk, can we address the elephant in the room?" Beomgyu intervenes, making everyone look at him.

"What?" Yeonjun asks him, taking a small bite from the sandwich Kai offered to him.

"That!" Beomgyu points at his neck "and that!" points at his collarbone, "who did you go to last night?!?"

Yeonjun's eyes widened from this and looked around at his friends to realize that they also had curiosity written on their faces. But his eyes landed on Soobin who he noticed hasn't talked since they got here. His eyes were zeroed to his neck too, brows furrowed at it. Yeonjun mentally frowned at this

"it's nothing, I legit just went to San's apartment and watched the little mermaid with him and Woo" he explains, eyes darting from Soobin to Beomgyu.

Beomgyu stood up from the information, "Mhm, and you're telling me that nothing happened to you and San? Or maybe Wooyoung? Or both?!?" Beomgyu continued to interrogate, his own list of possibilities continuing to render him in shock as he went on.

"First of all Gyu, don't act like you and Taehyun weren't fucking in the bathroom- yeah bitch we saw you limping out of there" he says, earning a blush from Beomgyu who immediately sat right down.

"Second of all, nothing happened. San and I were just dancing and having fun then decided to go to his apartment. It was getting late so I just decided to crash at their place instead of having San to drive me all the way home."

"See, I told you guys that you had nothing to worry about" Heuning kai says after Yeonjun's explanation, the tension in their table easing back to normal.

Their conversations after that were just complaints about uni, about how Beomgyu found out one of his professors was making out with a student who turned out to be his niece and the whole table was disgusted by this, about how Kai recently got acquainted with his roommate, etc.

Everything was going smoothly until he saw the same girl from last night appear behind Soobin, slowly sliding her hands down his neck to his chest giving him a neck hug.

Yeonjun's eyes widened at this, and was about to yell that Soobin was being harassed and they should do something about it. But then he saw Soobin turn his head around to look at her and he fucking *smiled*.

He *smiled* at *her*.

Who the fuck is she to go to their table and earn a smile from Soobin?

"Guys, this is Soojin, Soojin, the gang," Soobin introduced her.

"Hi guys!" She says, her voice sounding of honey and sweets as she smiles at them.

Everyone offered their greetings, smiles plastered on their faces.

Yeonjun felt like dying both from shock and confusion. But even through that, he smiled.

Taehyun, who was sitting on his right, eyes him for a second before placing a hand on his shoulder while Soobin and the girl- Soojin, continue to talk, her already sitting beside him at their table. Taehyun's gesture should be helping him, should feel like a reassurance as someone who values physical affection mostly during his vulnerable moments. But at this time, it just felt like a silent "*I know*" from Taehyun and it just makes him want to curl on the floor and cry.

He's been feeling that a lot of times lately apparently.

But he's not as strong as Taehyun wants him at this moment. He's pretty sure that the frown on his face would develop into something more vulnerable if he continues to watch the two's interactions in front of him.

Surprisingly, he managed. Just sat there, his mind wandering off somewhere else. And if he was too quiet with her at the table, no one asked. It was as if everyone knew except the man who he actually liked.

Soon enough, the cafeteria started filtering out, everyone separating and going to their respective destinations. Yeonjun, though, just continued to stay seated until his own group started to pack up until Taehyun gave him a light tap on the shoulder, as if to remind him that he was still with them.

"I'm going home" He mutters to the group, already off to the opposite direction from them.

"I'll go with you hyung"

Yeonjun stops, turns his head around to see Soobin walking towards then beside him.

"Bin, don't you have class?"

Soobin shrugs at this, "it's fine to skip once in a while."

"Besides, I wanted to talk to you about something when we get home. I'll drive."

Something dropped in Yeonjun's stomach at his tone.

He could tell that Soobin was trying to keep the atmosphere light, but the tension in his voice said otherwise, and honestly? Yeonjun wasn't in the mood for confrontation. Mostly from Soobin himself. But he was scared. Had he done something wrong? Was he mad at him? More questions ran in his mind just from hearing Soobin's tone on him.

"Okay."

It was a silent car ride, and awkward rather than their usual comfortable silence.

The minute they arrived in their apartment, he was out of the car in a flash and was walking to their door, letting out a loud groan as he stretched his muscles in the process.

He zoomed past Soobin and went directly to his room. Clothes were changed and the moment he was able to, he latched on his charger like a lifeline as he plugged his dying phone.

A knock reverbs from his door.

“Yes?”

“Hyung, we still need to talk about last night.” He hears Soobin say from the other side of his room.

He looks down at his phone, a frown on his face, before putting it down and heading out.

They sat on the couch, bodies awkwardly facing each other.

“What do you want to talk about?” he starts.

Soobin looked hesitant, mouth opening and closing before saying, “You didn’t come home yesterday.”

Yeonjun felt his brows furrowed at this, “Bin, didn’t I just tell you that I went home with San to watch the little mermaid with him and Wooyoung?”

“I know, I heard you at the table earlier.” he says, “but that’s not what I meant.”

“Why didn’t you just come home with me? Or at least messaged me about it?”

Yeonjun blinked, silence echoing loudly in the room. Soobin continued to stare at him, as if trying to find the answer through his reaction.

Oh how Yeonjun wished he could laugh at this moment.

You were busy laughing and making out with her, what was I supposed to do? Continue to watch and cry until you were done with her and we would go home and act like everything was normal?

Is what he wanted to say.

But all that came out was, “You were busy. I didn’t want to disturb you.”

Soobin frowned at this. For a second, it seemed like he wanted to say something, but in the end he kept silent, looked away and ignored eye contact with him.

"Your neck says that you were preoccupied to even go back to me though."

At this, Yeonjun’s hand flies to his neck, feeling the marks and bruises, a sudden sense of embarrassment and shame filling his body as the color drains from his face.

“Come on Bin, this isn’t the first time I’ve come home with these right?” He tried to joke, but his voice came out airy and meek.

Soobin looks back up at him, eyes scanning his own, reading him.

Yeonjun looked down and felt like crying, his eyes burning from the unshed guilt and tears.

He shouldn’t even feel this way. Shouldn’t even care if Soobin was looking at him like he had cheated on him. Shouldn’t feel his heart clenching at the thoughts of Soobin and Soojin in the first place.

But then he hears him sigh, feels arms pulling him towards familiar warmth and the scent he had accumulated with home filling his nose.

“Fuck, hyung, please don’t cry” He hears him mutter, holding him tighter. Yeonjun felt his arms

going around Soobin's waist, wrapping them around and burying his face deeper on his shoulder as he tried to keep the tears from falling any further.

"I'm sorry for acting like that, you're right, I should be used to it. But I couldn't help but feel worried about you."

At this, Yeonjun whispers back, his voice shaking, "You were worried about me last night?"

"Of course I was! You weren't in the bar, and you weren't answering your phone. You wouldn't even answer the others." Yeonjun felt the guilt bubbling in his gut at this. He didn't think of it that way.

"You usually tell me where you were, and if you were going home or not. But last night you just disappeared. How can I not be worried?"

Soobin cares about me. Soobin went out to find me.

"I'm sorry" He mumbles, "I promise to tell at least one of you guys if I ever do something like that again."

"Thank you hyung" he hears Soobin whisper in his ear.

And from that, he feels himself lighten a bit, shoulders less tense as he falls into slumber in Soobin's arms.

Days went by and he was starting to be better. The memory of Soobin kissing Soojin no longer haunts him as much. Life was starting to fall back into a steady rhythm again.

He had fulfilled his promise to San and Wooyoung, splitting his weeks between being with his usual group and hanging out with them.

Soojin has become a variable in Soobin's life, though he doesn't always talk about it, they see him with her. Yeonjun sees him with her.

Maybe that was another reason why he had decided to split his days and would sometimes come home either late at night or had started to go inside Soobin's room less and less.

But it was fine, that was okay, *they* were okay, Yeonjun reassures himself.

If distancing himself little by little from him was better for both of them, then so be it. But it doesn't mean it doesn't hurt.

They had all decided to crash in Soobin and Yeonjun's apartment, it had been weeks since they got together outside of school breaks.

They all sat on the dining table, eating the food they had ordered prior. Yeonjun had been observing Soobin since they started eating, the blonde uncharacteristically silent, fidgety even.

It was halfway through dinner, the table buzzing with randomly thrown in conversations like usual, until they hear Soobin clearing his throat, getting their attention.

All eyes were on him, and Yeonjun, who had been curious of his unusual behavior, was all ears on the younger's announcement.

Soobin opened his mouth, slightly hesitant, before dropping the bomb on Yeonjun without further explanation.

“Soojin and I are dating.”

His heart shattered. Pieces of it crumbled and littered away as his eyes started to sting, and his ears started to ring.

The table was a mess, questions were thrown everywhere, things like “I wasn’t surprised” or “When did you ask her out?” but Yeonjun ignored all of it.

Taehyun had offered his own inputs on the news, duller compared to the other two’s energy, but Yeonjun felt Taehyun give him a squeeze on the knee.

Soobin had told their story, how they had started talking in class, then at the party, how she was pretty and nice. Yeonjun had remembered one instance when he saw her in class before, after Soobin had said that. She had never really caught his attention, she was quiet and Yeonjun had a busy life outside of that classroom. But apparently she stood out enough to catch Soobin’s attention while Yeonjun was busy trying to get his.

He had thought that Soojin was just someone Soobin met at the party. He didn’t know that they knew each other beforehand, let alone had feelings that catered outside of a friendship. It was his fault for not seeing this coming and had expected a different outcome in the past.

Silly him.

Yet, he tried to smile. Tried to congratulate his best friend as the thorns in his heart continued to pierce him. Even through the high of the positive questions from his friends, Soobin still managed to catch on to Yeonjun’s souring mood.

But his friends kept the blonde busy, and all Yeonjun could do in that situation was to be excused early, saying that their noise was making his head hurt, and wobbling to his bedroom as he tried to keep his breathing at bay.

Yeonjun laid in his bed, his breathing slowly getting back to normal as he let his tears finally flow free without the thought of judgment from his friends raiding his mind.

He misses Soobin here, beside him, even if it was back in his old bedroom in that tiny bed. At least there, he felt Soobin near him, felt the warmth radiating from his voice and touch. Now he was stuck in his bed, alone, and feeling like it was out to swallow him whole.

But Soobin had Soojin now apparently. He didn’t need Yeonjun anymore. And though he craved privacy from hearing more about him and his new girlfriend, loneliness and heartbreak crept up on him. He was tired and alone, his bed too big and cold.

But unlike before, he was too scared to ask Soobin to stay with him.

Chapter End Notes

Don't forget to leave a kudos or comment if you liked it thank you!!!

Push and pull (I always come back to you)

Chapter Summary

"In a perfect world, I'd kill to love you the loudest." - Anaheim, NIKI

Chapter Notes

Hello!! I am back again :))

This chapter is focused on Yeonjun's internal battle with himself with their whole situation. And Taehyun's story doesn't seem as happy go lucky as he thought it was too.

Chapter 4 and the upcoming chapters are going to mention or focus on all the couples including Woosan and Taegyu so watch out for that :))

I also realized that I need to have an upload schedule but I kind of just post whenever. I'm planning to post chapter 4 by Thursday or Friday, Saturday being the latest if there are delays.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Yeonjun was used to being alone. He was an only child, both parents who loved him but were too busy at work for Yeonjun to bother them with anything in his life. But for some reason, he couldn't tonight. His thoughts were eating him alive, his anxiety reaching to its height. He had gone through this enough times alone that he should be used to it. But he found his hand moving on its own, grabbing his phone and calling the one person who had first come to mind.

A few minutes later, he hears the door ring. His feet carried him there, his mind too clouded for proper judgment of his decisions. It was 3 am, and there stood Soobin on the other side of the door, ice cream tub in hand with a concerned look on his face.

"Hyung-" Yeonjun cut him off, throwing his arms around his neck and immediately searching for any sign of contact and scent from him.

Soobin stood still, one hand on Yeonjun's back from when he steadied them after he had thrown himself at him, holding him close.

After that, they stayed in Yeonjun's bed, Soobin holding him close, listening to him and all of his concerns. He would hum, give Yeonjun the reassurance that he needed. Made Yeonjun feel like he was still here, loved, and existing.

He gave Yeonjun the feeling of home and comfort in a person that he never knew he needed until him.

Days went by, and Yeonjun wasn't doing any better.

He still laughed, talked, and acted like nothing was wrong even if inside he was being torn apart each passing day. But he was messing up in everything else in his life. He was rarely home early, playing with his food during lunch, stumbling during dance practices, or spacing out during conversations with the others. His friends started to be concerned.

But he was fine. Really. Maybe that was a lie that he had told himself every passing moment, but it was okay, because he was fine. And he didn't need people to look at him with either pity or concern over this stupid matter.

Because what was he supposed to say? Admit that his lungs would start to hurt and his eyes would sting when he would see Soojin with his best friend? Say that he wished that the ground would just swallow him whole because going home to see the cause of his misery and pain just in their living room, eyes always filled with concern for him and asking him if he was okay as if Yeonjun could even tell him what was wrong?

Of course not. Yeonjun wasn't stupid.

So he's been trying his best. Would try to come home before night fell like how he did before, ate the food that was in front of him instead of pushing it around with his chopsticks like he had been doing recently, would put his focus in perfecting his timing and moves until sweat was trickling down the polished wooden floors of the practice room, and being more attentive in conversations.

He had tried to act alive.

But the tension and conversation that he knew he had to talk about with Taehyun who had been eyeing him during lunch or when they were out is not something he's ready to talk about. But Taehyun was a patient man. One thing he learned about Yeonjun is that he would talk to him when he was ready. When he was done with his play pretend of being "okay".

Soobin wasn't helping the case though.

He would talk about her in their apartment, in their breaks and lunch times, even in their damn group chat.

An instance he had remembered was when he walked towards their kitchen, following the savory smell that danced around the air. He had seen Soobin wearing their barely touched kitchen apron, a bento box he never knew they owned sitting on the table with all of his favorite food. But when Yeonjun asked him who was it for, Soobin had only turned around, a smile on his face before saying that it was for Soojin. Because of course, who else would it be for? So Yeonjun just hummed, leaving the kitchen before his frown showed to the lovesick Soobin.

He would notice her joining their table a few times ever since they got together. He would catch himself staring at them, watching them as Soobin places his arm around her waist to pull her closer, Soojin feeding him as he takes in every bite, smiling at her as he would kiss her cheek.

One sided love hurts.

No matter how hard he had tried to support them, Yeonjun found himself drifting off or away from them. Allowed the others to ask about Soojin but never asked himself, even in their group chat he would choose to purposely ignore their messages about her, choose to never ask or bring her up either. It felt like Yeonjun's ears were ringing every time she was mentioned in their conversation.

Yeonjun couldn't blame him though. Soojin was the first ever person Soobin had openly liked

since they became friends. Soobin was allowed to be happy and excited about this.

But it doesn't mean that he didn't compare himself to her when Soobin would talk about her smile, her long wavy black hair, the mole that sat under her eye, her wide expressive eyes, how lovely she was when she talked in her soft quiet voice- this didn't help Yeonjun any bit.

Because soon, he had started comparing himself to her. On how and why he was so different from her. The insecurities ate him up and now he just wants to throw up when he sees his reflection and not see the body and face that Soobin fell for.

Though he was getting "better", there were days when he would snap. Would separate himself from the group, would tell them to leave him alone, and would spend the whole day either in the silence of his room or own company.

And they respected it, respected him, as they didn't know what else to do to make him feel better.

He felt lost.

His feet carried him to the familiar doorstep of the room across his. With his hand shaking, he twisted the knob, slowly opening the door to reveal Soobin laying on his bed, a smile on his face as he typed away on his phone. Yeonjun didn't need to see the name to know who it was.

"Soobin" he whispers, his voice as quiet as he felt at the moment.

Soobin looked up, throwing him a gentle smile as he gestured for him to come in.

And like a vulnerable child, he walked over to him, taking the outstretched hand that Soobin held up to him from the bed, and laid down beside him.

Like a lost child, he felt his heart coming home to the arms that held him tight at this moment. He gripped tighter on Soobin, scared that if he let him go, he would disappear from him, and that this would all be a part of a dream he had conjured up in his state of loneliness and delusion.

He wishes he could freeze this moment, to make it his home, to never let go.

"Hyung" he hears Soobin whisper, holding him tighter, as if he could read and feel Yeonjun's vulnerability without him saying it.

"Are you okay?"

No Binnie, I'm not. It hurts so much I feel like I'm dying.

But he didn't say anything, only gripping him tighter and burying his face in the crook of his neck.

Soobin hums at this, his fingers threading his hair before whispering to him, "What can I do to help you feel better, hyung?"

Yeonjun remained silent.

"Yeonjun hyung" Soobin had settled his chin on top of Yeonjun's head, tucking him in his chest, "tell me what to do, I want you to be okay again."

"I love you, please love me back. I love you, please choose me like I have chosen you every single time, Binne." Is what he wanted to say, the words on the tip of his tongue, burning his throat and

lungs making it hard to breathe.

Instead what came out was, “We’ll always be together, right Soobin?”

At this, he feels Soobin smile, nuzzling his chin on top of his head before separating from Yeonjun, looking him straight in the eye.

“Of course hyung, where else would I be if i’m not with you?” Soobin asked him, keeping his hold on Yeonjun’s body, voice full of reassurance and confidence.

Yeonjun stared at him, looked at his face, in his eyes, and saw the man that he had desperately fallen for. He could almost taste the salty tears he had cried night after night. The memories of sleepless nights and self hatred, the denials, the alcohol and drinks he had downed when he realized his feelings, how he had to accept the truth of his feelings. Everyone around him had realized it aside from Soobin. Some chose to ignore it, to refrain from showing that they knew, scared to break the silence that Yeonjun built and maintained.

But Taehyun didn’t.

He knew how Yeonjun felt. Knew the way he had looked at Soobin since high school and had always given him the silent comfort Yeonjun needed just like how he was now with Soobin having a girlfriend. He needed to talk to Taehyun about this. To give the explanation that he knew Taehyun didn’t ask for.

But for now, Yeonjun’s attention was on Soobin like every single time.

He could never let go of Soobin. Could never let go of the man he had stared at with stars in his eyes while Soobin held up constellations in his.

In a perfect world, Yeonjun would kill to love Soobin loudly, wouldn’t be afraid to say the words he couldn’t say and wouldn’t be scared of tomorrow. But in this world, all he can do is hurt, sad and soundlessly.

He knew that he needed to let him go and choose his lane.

Truth is, Yeonjun didn’t like to be alone. He loved being with someone, loved the warmth radiating when they would touch or just the sheer comfort of talking with them. That someone used to be Soobin.

So he tried to fix this as well, started to distance himself from his group for a while after he got fed up from all the Soojin talk and would go with Wooyoung, San being an extra attachment beside him.

Yeonjun was at their place again, but this time he actually had his own clothes and bag ready to sleep over. Sometimes he would spend the night there, watching different shows, or movies, eating and drinking. It had almost become a second home for him.

Currently, they were sitting on the carpeted floor, the front of the couch being used as a backrest for them. They were currently watching “Spiderman: No way home”, letting Yeonjun choose the movie in an attempt to comfort the boy who they knew had been out of it lately. But instead of “comforting” Yeonjun was just full on sobbing again, tears streaming down as he shoved ice cream in his mouth, the scene of Peter not explaining to MJ everything like he had promised playing on the tv.

Sure, the scene was sad, it had brought Yeonjun to tears more than he can count. But now, he went from crying about the movie to crying about Soobin and crying about their relationship that he feels like he's losing.

This whole moving on thing would've been easier if Yeonjun hadn't been so helplessly in love with Soobin. But he didn't want to go home yet. Doesn't want to see his concerned face and hesitant touches that sent fire to his veins, igniting the already burning flame in his heart.

He felt Wooyoung pull him in a hug, rubbing his back and threading his fingers through his hair. From his blurry vision, he saw San stand up, grabbed the tissue box from the kitchen counter, before going back to Yeonjun and handing it to him.

"Damn dude, and I thought this movie broke me" he hears him comment making Yeonjun giggle a little from his sob fest.

Once he had calmed down, he felt Wooyoung separate from him.

"Are you sure what you're doing is what's best for you? Because this" he points at him "doesn't seem like it."

Yeonjun frowned at this.

He knew he was being dumb, stubborn even. He was mourning, but not in a way that he had felt disappointed at Soobin, but grief over the situation. More often than not, he finds in between denial and sadness, thinking that they would soon break up, and that Soobin would come back to him, and he could lay in his bed again and wander about the stars on his ceiling as if they were teenagers again. But that feeling would soon get tampered by anger and disappointment, the guilt washing over him until he would feel too ashamed to even look Soobin in the eyes anymore due to the embarrassment he felt inside.

To say it in simple terms, no, Yeonjun was definitely not alright. And his last remaining thread would snap sooner than he thought it would.

He finally decided to go home after staying at Wooyoung and San's place for 2 nights, feeling rather refreshed than ever.

It was 8 pm when he opened the door, greeted by the sight of all of his friends, and Soojin, sitting down on the dining table as if they were one big happy family.

Their attention went to Yeonjun who had remained standing there, duffle bag in hand, stunned and mouth gaping at the sight like he had seen a ghost.

Soojin stood up, saying "I hope I'm not imposing. Binnie said that it was about time that he should bring me to his house and the other guys decided to have dinner here."

She bows from where she was and he bows back, still too stunned to speak, but he had caught Soobin staring back at him with concerned and expectant eyes, and he knew he had to say something.

"Hi, um, yeah, no it's okay" he babbles back, mentally face palming himself from how robotic and awkward he sounded in his ears.

They all now sat at the dining table, Yeonjun spacing out the whole time. He wasn't okay. He

didn't agree to this. He didn't know she would be here. Here, in their apartment. The only place that he had Soobin left for himself. Someone should've told him- Soobin should've told him. He didn't want her here, not when he just got home. Not when she had already adapted to their dining space, laughing and talking with the others as if she belonged here. As if Yeonjun was an outcast.

Yeonjun had to watch Soobin and Soojin get together and be happy. He had seen the adoration the younger had for her. Felt how much Soojin loved Soobin. There was no way Yeonjun's feelings could be reciprocated. No way for him to ever compete with her.

He looked at the face of the man that he grew to love, started thinking of ways to be happy for them as he slowly detached himself from his life. He had tried thinking of growing apart from him, even more than what they were now, and maybe even strangers in the future. But it hurt. The thoughts hurt so much that he felt his chest tightening and his eyes starting to sting.

He didn't know that he was so stuck in his head until he heard someone calling his name.

He blinks, staring at his plate and grimacing from the untouched food, before looking up to see everyone looking at him from the table.

He felt his stomach churn.

"Are you okay?" Beomgyu asks him.

"What?"

"Are you okay?" Beomgyu repeats, "Because you've been really out of it hyung."

"Huh? Oh yeah, yeah I'm fine Gyu. Just tired from staying up with San. We were up all night learning a new choreography." He lies easily through his teeth, a smile plastered on his face.

Be cool. Be safe, just smile, you're alright, you're okay. He tells himself, though his smile didn't reach his empty and dull eyes.

To be fair, he wasn't lying. He did stay up all night with San to learn a new choreography as San's way of helping Yeonjun in forgetting all about Soobin. He and San had actually started becoming closer after Soojin from how often he would stay in their house. He felt comfortable with him, safe even. They had bonded over their sad unrequited love over their best friends, which was both sad and hilarious. But he wasn't blind, he knew Wooyoung had feelings for him the same way San does, he just wasn't aware of it yet.

Beomgyu wasn't buying it. Kai was starting to catch on and Taehyun gave him a look saying "we need to talk about this."

"Actually, can I be excused? I kind of want to walk around outside. Seoul is really pretty during night time."

He was aware of his lame excuse, but didn't even wait for them to let him go as he was already standing up, putting on his shoes, and walking outside of the door.

He walked all the way to a convenience store, bought a bottle of soju that he knew would have no effect on him, and sat outside, drinking straight from the bottle.

Taehyun was walking towards him a few minutes later, jacket in one hand and his own bottle in the other. He stopped in front of him before throwing the jacket to Yeonjun.

“You’re so stupid hyung” he heard him say as he sat in front of him.

Yeonjun hung his head low, not wanting to meet his eyes.

“Soobin is looking for you.” Taehyun starts out, waiting to see if it would bring him any reaction from Yeonjun, “He’s concerned about you hyung. And he’s been going mad since you left out of nowhere without your phone.”

“I’m sorry.”

“Don’t be.”

“Are you going to tell him where I am?” Yeonjun asks him not ready to face the younger due to the embarrassing scene he caused in front of his girlfriend.

“No” Taehyun states, “But what you are going to do is explain to me what the hell is going on with you.”

Yeonjun goes silent before laughing, tired tears streaming down his face.

“I love him. I love him so much Taehyun you have no idea how much it hurts.” he says, voice watery.

He hears those words come out of him for the first time. Weak and vulnerable. The words that had been suffocating him, clinging onto him for the longest time that he could never say or admit to anyone but himself.

Taehyun stared at him, unmoving, before standing up and extending his arms, saying nothing.

Yeonjun stood up, allowing himself to drag his body to the embrace, and laid his heart bare in front of him. The heartache from the past month, the desperate and tired longing for years, came in waves of exhausted sobs.

“What do you want to do now hyung?”

“I can’t tell him. It’ll ruin us both.” He whispers, gripping on his back as the fears crept in on him.

“What are you so afraid of? What’s holding you back?” Taehyun asks him.

“To be forgotten. To be left behind.” He tells him. “But not just that. I don’t want him to forget. I don’t want him to let what we have go, not when I’m still here waiting for him and whatever he offers in our relationship.”

Was it wrong that Yeonjun was scared? He was scared that he would forget, would disregard him and all the glow stars and soft touches they both shared. He was scared that Soobin would one day wake up and realize that he wants a life outside of Yeonjun, would want a wife, and kids in a house with double doors. Yeonjun was scared that Soobin will realize that he doesn’t want to be in their apartment anymore, move out, and walk out of the doors, learn to forget him when Yeonjun wasn’t ready to do the same.

“God Yeonjun hyung” he hears Taehyun say, breathlessly in his ear. “You’re so ridiculously selfless and strong. You could’ve thrown a fit, tried to destroy their relationship, tried to keep him all for yourself. But you didn’t. You’re so annoyingly stupid that it actually irks me sometimes when I see you longing for him through closed doors. I’m here for you hyung, whenever you need someone to understand you, I’ll be here. We aren’t going through the same situation, but you can

come to me okay?”

Yeonjun turned in his arms, mumbling “thank you” as he tried to get himself together.

They spent the moment in silence until it hit Yeonjun what Taehyun told him.

He separated from taehyun. looking at him confused.

“Wait, aren’t you and Beomgyu together?”

At this, Taehyun gave him a laugh devoid of any emotions.

“No, we’re not.”

Yeonjun’s eyes widened at this. They all thought they were dating. How could they not? They acted like it and had even seen them after their unholy activities.

“Wait- what? How?”

Taehyun sat them down before explaining.

“Beomgyu wanted to mess around with people, and sure, that was fine at first. But when he went to me saying that he wanted to lose his virginity to someone, I snapped. And all of a sudden we made a pact, decided to sell my soul to the devil to be friends with benefits with him, all just because I couldn’t stand the thoughts of him doing it with someone else. Stupid of me isn’t it?” He says, bitter and empty.

“oh my god” that was all Yeonjun could muster.

“At this point we should just have a drinking session with San and wallow about our pitiful love lives” He laughs, bringing a smile on Taehyun’s face.

“What? Did you two start a lonely hearts club or something?” Taehyun snorts.

“Hm, not yet. But if you join then we can make that happen.” he says jokingly, raising his bottle to Taehyun “wanna drink with us next time? It’ll be good for the soul”

Taehyun smiles, clinking his bottle with Yeonjun’s.

“Whatever you say hyung, whatever you say.”

Chapter End Notes

As per usual, don't forget to leave a comment or kudos if you're enjoying it so far!!

I feel so bad for Yeonjun but it's okay we push through 🥺 Also Taehyun and Beomgyu I was so shocked and I'm the one who wrote this

Dreams and apartment keys, waste it on love and parties.

Chapter Summary

"Honey, you're familiar like my mirror years ago
Idealism sits in prison, chivalry fell on its sword
Innocence died screaming, honey, ask me I should know
I slithered here from Eden just to sit outside your door"
- From Eden, Hozier

Chapter Notes

Hello I am back!! So this chapter is a little different from the others. It's not just Yeonjun's perspective (even though it's mostly his) but you get to read tidbits through the others' eyes.

I'll upload chapter 5 in a day or two, with Monday being the latest :))
don't forget to leave a kudos or comment if you liked it thank you!!!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

It was Yeonjun's idea to move in together. It had been his dream to find an apartment in college, to be roommates with Soobin and to come home to him every night after school. He didn't like the idea of being alone, let alone being apart from him.

"Binnie, we should stay together in college. We should dorm- no- we should get an apartment. Just somewhere near college so we don't have to spend too much. Then we can just walk, you can do the cooking and I can do the cleaning" He suggests from the vanity, turning to Soobin who just laid on his bed playing their playlist for the night.

Soobin being Soobin just laughed at him before saying "Yeah, I don't think so. My parents don't like me being far away, mostly my mom."

At this, Yeonjun just pouted, whining "why?? You'll be with me. I can learn how to do things around the house."

He continued to complain, suggesting ways for it to work. And Soobin just smiled at him saying "Sure hyung, sure."

And Yeonjun thinks that was Soobin's way of reassuring him knowing how Yeonjun was. Even with their uncertain plans that were meant for the future them to decide, one thing that Yeonjun loved about Soobin was that he let him dream the most ridiculous things and never held him back.

Maybe Yeonjun was spoiled too much by Soobin and had gotten used to it. He wanted too much for his own good, but Soobin had always tried to go through with it. And this time, Yeonjun

wanted to do the same.

Taehyun and Yeonjun didn't go back to the apartment and decided to just go to the nearest place they could sleep at and pass out there. He doesn't know if it was from the crying or the excessive alcohol, but Yeonjun woke up and he felt...happy? Relieved? He doesn't know how to describe it, but it had felt like the weight on his shoulders finally eased up at least temporarily.

Then the memories of last night flashed one by one and the shame and embarrassment came with it. He definitely needs to apologize to Soobin for this.

So that's exactly what he's doing right now.

He was standing in front of their apartment door, hesitant to even enter his own house. But still, he rang the doorbell, and in less than 5 minutes he heard someone stumbling near the door, opening it, and revealing Soobin. Yeonjun studies his face, the dark bags under his eyes, hair sticking everywhere as if he's been pulling on it, and the overall tired expression on his face.

But even in his state, Soobin smiled at him, relief washing over the tiredness of his eyes and pulled him into a crushing hug. Yeonjun stood still, before wrapping his arms around him hesitantly.

"Hi Soobin, good morning to you too" he laughs, separating enough just to be able to see his face. He cups it, squishing the cheeks he loves the most.

"Good morning to you too hyung" Soobin whispers, his voice tired and small.

Yeonjun frowned at this, "Binnie, are you okay? You look like you haven't gotten a wink of sleep."

With this, Soobin pulled Yeonjun closer again, putting his face on the crook of his neck as Soobin rubbed his face on Yeonjun's dark messy hair.

"You didn't come home again last night."

"I know, I'm sorry. I'm sorry for embarrassing you like that in front of Soojin, that wasn't right."

Soobin separated them again, just enough to stare into Yeonjun's eyes. "Hyung, that's not what matters. You said you were going out for a walk but then you didn't come home, let alone bring your phone! Next thing I know Taehyun was out of his seat and grabbed your jacket from the couch before leaving too."

Yeonjun felt the guilt rise in him like how a child felt like when their parents would scold them after doing something wrong. He cups Soobin's face in his hands as Soobin brings their faces closer, foreheads touching as they look at each other.

"I'm sorry Soobin-ah." he says, rubbing his cheeks with the pad of his thumb, "but you don't have to worry about me anymore. I'm okay now, the drinks with Hyun really helped me clear my head surprisingly." he laughs a little at this.

"You can live your life without worrying about me anymore. I'll learn to live my life again and you can put your attention on Soojin alright? I support you." he adds on, feeling the tears wanting to leave his eyes, but he held them in.

"Hyung... why does it feel like you're about to leave me?" Soobin whispers, sounding like a child who was about to be abandoned.

In reality, it was Yeonjun's heart that was breaking this time even if he was the one saying all of this. Ironic isn't it?

Yeonjun gave him a breathless laugh, Soobin's eyes never leaving his. "Soobin, I could never leave you." *And lord knows how much I've tried.*

At this, Soobin pulled him closer by the waist, their bodies pressed even more, their noses touching as he felt his breath fanning his face.

Skin on skin, body on body.

"Never leave me hyung."

"I promise."

"Care to tell me why you messaged me at fucking 4 in the morning about the realization that came out of your ass?" San asks him.

They were currently on break in the dance room, his friend group was sitting in the middle and Wooyoung was chatting away with Seonghwa near the door. So obviously Yeonjun pulled San in the very back corner to avoid their friends from eavesdropping.

Yeonjun crawled his way closer to San, straddling his lap and settling himself on his legs.

"What's with the sexual pose?" San mutters, holding Yeonjun's waist.

"Bro, I literally cry to you about my failing love life and how I've been rejected without even confessing." Yeonjun says flatly, "I am far away from getting hard but if you are-"

"The love of my life who doesn't even know it yet is literally in the same room as us. My cock is as limp as it goes."

Yeonjun laughs at this, making San laugh with him. Who knew laughing about your depressing one sided love was therapeutic?

When they finished laughing, Yeonjun's mood went down again, looking at San as he kept his voice hushed.

"I told him."

"What?!?!" San exclaims, eyes going comically wild. "Are you serious?"

Yeonjun rolled his eyes at his friend, smacking him on the arm. "No dumbass, I didn't confess."

"Oh" San says, furrowing his brows, "So what did you tell him?"

"Nothing much, just said he doesn't have to worry about me. That I support him and Soojin blah blah you get the point." He shrugs.

"Ohhhh" but then San smiles, "I think that'll be good for you. Well, for both of you. At least now you can act distant without being suspicious as fuck. you should've done that from the start by the way." he points out earning another smack.

"So does that mean that you won't be hogging Wooyoung in our apartment anymore? Because I

kinda miss hugging him to sleep but you're cock blocking the way of my good sleep" San jokingly says, a hint of mischief lacing his tone.

"Nope" Yeonjun says, popping the 'P' as he did, "I'm still coming over at least once a week. Can't have you stealing my darling away."

"ass" Yeonjun rolled his eyes at this.

"Oh! By the way, Taehyun is gonna be joining our lonely hearts club. We have a new member" He says excitedly making San throw him a judging face.

"The lonely hearts club? Seriously?"

"Shut up brat, you've been getting really cocky lately. I should give you a lesson, yeah?"

"what-" before San could even finish his sentence, he was already in a headlock in Yeonjun's arms, squeezing his neck.

"Don't say shit about our club when your love life is depressing itself!" he exclaims loudly, now wrapping his legs around San's torso and continuing to suffocate the man.

"Tap out! Tap out! I'm sorry for talking shit about our ugly ass club!" San exclaims back, voice wavering from the lack of oxygen.

"Good, and fuck you" Yeonjun says, letting go of his neck and slinging his arms on San's shoulders, not removing his legs around him.

"Taehyun-ah come here!" he bellows to the redhead from across the room. Taehyun being Taehyun, cuts his conversation short with Heuning kai and walks to where they sat.

"What's up? And what's with this?" he asks confusedly, pointing to Yeonjun clinging onto him like a koala. "Also, San hyung you sounded like you were screaming bloody murder earlier by the way" he points out.

"Let's get shitfaced drunk tonight!" he exclaims excitedly, "drowning our sorrows"

"I don't really have a sorrow to drown though" San mused, looking at him through the dance room's mirrored walls. "but if you want, sure"

"I want to, and shut up you do have sorrows to drink to" Yeonjun huffs, "It's been a long time since I got myself drunk."

"I'm fine with drinking after classes today. Where to?" Taehyun asks, interested in their plan.

"Seonghwa said that he's picking up Wooyoung to go to the party a senior is throwing later, we can just go with them" San shrugs and the two of them nod.

"Why don't you drink with the others by the way?" San asks him.

"Was too scared to get drunk in front of them, except Taehyun of course, cause I might say something I shouldn't" Yeonjun shrugs, nonchalant in a way he didn't really feel. "With you though, I can be that. Careless. You won't mind."

San was smiling at him but pity was silently oozing out of him. San wasn't stupid, he knew why Yeonjun had been going to their apartment more than ever, and why he had gotten closer to San. Assigned to him too often when Wooyoung wasn't around.

“Shots on me later as the new member,” Taehyun says, making Yeonjun cheer from San’s back.

While they were celebrating their plans, Yeonjun didn’t know that Soobin had been looking at them the whole time, a frown on his face as he stared at him and San. A dark feeling had been creeping up on him the more he saw them together, but he had always let the feeling go, not liking how it clouds his head. Beomgyu on the other hand was staring at them in curiosity, not knowing why Taehyun had joined the duo and how he even got dragged there.

From the door, Wooyoung wasn’t even listening to Seonghwa’s tangent anymore about his outfit, but was staring at San, his heart clenching at the sight. He didn’t know if it was the feeling of exclusion, but all he knew was that he didn’t like the way San had been close to his best friend.

“What do you think of this?” Yeonjun asks them. They were currently in Yeonjun’s room waiting for him to get ready. Taehyun just went with a classic approach wearing a black v-neck vest with exaggerated silver and rhinestone jewelry, topping it off with glitter on his arms showing them off.

Yeonjun’s initial reaction when he saw him was, “God damn Kang Taehyun, if I were Beomgyu I would end up giving you a fucking blow job the moment you enter the room. You’re fucking hot”

To this, Taehyun just smirked, flexing his arms and abs at him, “That would be great and all but the focus right now is for us three to just have fun without them.”

San on the other hand, wore a black corset style sleeveless shirt showing off his bulking arms, with a harness that criss crossed from his shoulders and waist, a singular silver hoop in the middle of his chest. It was cropped, showing off his waist and abs.

He was wearing a black fitted tank top with 2 strips of fabric hanging in the front, it was cropped enough to show off his toned abs and waist, pairing it with black leather pants that had straps hanging from the hoops and thighs. His hair was styled in a middle part, framing his forehead.

“Fuck” San said, eyeing him up and down “you clean up good.”

“I had to,” Yeonjun says smirking, “kinda trying to get fucked tonight.”

“Soobin hyung needs to see this” Taehyun says, a hint of mischief playing in his tone as he went out of the room before Yeonjun could even stop him.

A few moments later, the door opens again to see Soobin looking so comfortable in his pajamas, black reading glasses sitting on the bridge of his nose, and hair slightly messed up from the bed.

Soobin eyed him, staring at his outfit. Yeonjun felt a light blush appear on his cheeks, confidence slightly wavering.

“I didn’t know you were going out tonight hyung” Soobin says, voice slightly strained still staring at his body, “you look good”

“Not just good,” San says, getting off the bed and standing beside Yeonjun, his arm around his waist pulling him close to his body. “He’s fucking hot” he smirks.

“If you don’t fucked tonight hyung, then they don’t have taste.” Taehyun adds, nodding to San’s sentiment.

Soobin frowns at this, clearly bothered by the situation and their comments about his best friend

who was taking in the ‘compliments’. His eyes narrowed at San’s arm, the disturbing feeling coming back.

Acting before thinking, Soobin moved to where they were, taking Yeonjun in his arms instead as he let his hands wander on Yeonjun’s waist, feeling him up and down.

“Are you sure you’re going out wearing this hyung?” Soobin whispers, his tone husky as he continues to touch him, dark and clouded eyes looking in his.

Yeonjun shivered at Soobin’s actions, a suppressed whine about to leave his lips when he felt Soobin squeeze his hips. He had his hands on the blonde’s shoulders, gripping on them for balance. He had always been sensitive to touch when it came to Soobin.

“Why? Do I look bad?” He whispers back.

“It’s the opposite, you look too pretty to be going out like that.” Soobin tells him, his tone making Yeonjun shiver. God give him strength.

“That’s the goal right?” he says back, a sly smirk playing on his lips as he separated from him.

“Are you done yet?” San says in a bored tone. “Good, now let’s go before Seonghwa rips our heads off for being late. He’s already waiting outside.”

Yeonjun nods, spraying a little perfume onto himself and rubbing some of it at the crook of his neck, ready to get out of the door.

He stops to look at Soobin before saying, “You should invite Soojin here if you’re not busy. I’ll be back late.”

With that, he left their apartment leaving a stunned Soobin at the door.

“Get in bitches!” They hear Seonghwa yell, a smirk on his lips as music blared loudly from the inside.

They opened the backdoor, Wooyoung already sitting in front, Yeosang sitting on his lap with a lollipop in his mouth.

“This is gonna be fun.” Yeosang says, bringing out his phone and starting to take pictures of them in the car with the flash on.

The music was blaring loudly in Yeonjun’s ears as he danced with the others in the middle of the dance floor, ignoring the sticky feeling of the ground from the split alcohol in people’s hands. They had been for a few hours already, ears buzzing and highly intoxicated from the amount of drinks they had done.

“You finally having fun, hyung?” Taehyun yells over the loud music.

Yeonjun nodded his head, a smile plastered on his face. He hasn’t felt like this in so long since he saw Soobin kissing Soojin.

“Glad to know, you were too depressed for the Yeonjun that I knew” San yells over to his shoulder.

Yeonjun jokingly raised a brow at this, looking at San through his lashes, a sly smile on his face

now. “Why Sannie? You missed me being like this?”

San smirks at this, getting closer to Yeonjun and pulling him by the waist. “Yeah, it suits you more. You’re fucking hot and you deserved to be touched all night long instead off crying”

“Oh yeah? Why don’t you try doing that then?” His voice dropping in a suggestive octave, licking his lips before San captured them with his own.

Yeonjun slung his arms on his neck, pulling him closer as they made out. This was the type of kissing Yeonjun was used to. Lust filled with no strings attached. Doesn’t mean that’s what he wants from a certain someone though. They separated when they ran out of breath, panting. San latches on to Yeonjun’s neck, sucking on it bringing him to moan his name.

“Yeonjun-ah there you are!” Wooyoung yells, pushing past the other people who crowded them. The rest of his friend group followed him from behind. The two separated when they got close, Yeonjun’s neck starting to bruise up from the hickeys San gave him.

“Heads up and mouth open!!” Was all the warning he got before he felt Wooyoung tilt his head, and San grabbing a bottle from Yunho, pouring the liquor in his mouth. Due to his instincts, he immediately started to chug it, the others cheering him on.

San stopped pouring, making Yeonjun think that he was done, but all of a sudden Wooyoung was beside him with Yunho ready with another bottle. San and Yunho started to pour in their opened mouths, drinking the content without much thought.

This was good for Yeonjun, each gulp he took down was for the heartache he had to endure these past weeks.

“Chug! Chug! Chug! Chug! Chug!”

For the late nights he spent with him.

“Chug! Chug! Chug! Chug! Chug!”

For the glow stars in the damn ceiling.

“Chug! Chug! Chug! Chug! Chug!”

For the damn kiss.

“Chug! Chug! Chug! Chug! Chug!”

For Soobin choosing her.

“Chug! Chug! Chug! Chug! Chug!”

For never being good enough.

“Chug! Chug! Chug! Chug! Chug!”

For not being the one.

When they finished pouring, everyone started applauding them as if their stupidity was an achievement.

Yeonjun turned to Wooyoung, a dumb lopsided smile plastered on his face.

“You did well darling” Wooyoung purrs, words slightly slurred.

“Ahhhh I love you Wooyoung my sweet darling I love you so much!” Yeonjun says back, his words as slurred as the other. Yeonjun was slinging his arms on Wooyoung’s shoulders automatically making the other put his arms around his waist and peppered kisses on his cheeks.

“Hyung is already drunk” Taehyun laughs at the duo who were busy cuddling in the middle of the dance floor.

San made a face as they both watched them, a drink in hand. “I should be used to this but at the same time this is just disturbing”

“Okay break it up you too! No making out with each other on my watch” San says, literally ripping the two apart earning him whines and glares from the duo.

“San you’re a fucking bitch” Yeonjun says, weakly slapping him before turning into a giggling mess.

San rolled his eyes at this but then he felt Wooyoung cling to his arm like a koala and pull on it.

“San kiss! Kiss!”

“No Woo” He tells him, even if he was tempted by the cute boy who was pouting at him.

“No fair! You were making out with Yeonjun before and he’s supposed to be my darling! You never do that to me! You only kiss me everywhere but my lips and then leave. Am I not enough? Am I not pretty for you? Do you not love me?” He asks San, looking at him with sad unshed tears, lips quivering.

San looked at him before groaning, slapping a hand to his face sliding it downwards. He stared at Wooyoung again, heart breaking at the sight.

“God you’re annoying” he says before pulling the boy off his arm and kissing him on the lips, deep and hard making the other squeak and moan, gripping on San’s hair.

The sight of them made Yeonjun’s stomach churn, remembering the memories he doesn’t want to resurface.

He grabs Taehyun by the hand and pulls him towards the bar, grabbing 2 bottles of soju and giving one to him before clicking them and chugging the alcohol down. He needed more. He wanted to forget, wanted to taste the liquor touch his lips and feel it sting as it goes down his throat.

Taehyun looks at him before shrugging, drinking his own bottle down. He had been on the sidelines the whole night, drinking enough to feel tipsy but still conscious enough to watch out for his hyung who he was pretty sure was planning to destroy his liver before he turned thirty. That and him taking photos of Yeonjun doing the most ungodly things with alcohol, San and Wooyoung, and when he would look hot enough, sending them all to Soobin who he knows is going livid at the pictures in the comfort of his bed.

He knew that they were stupid and he had enough of watching them dance around each other all these years with Yeonjun’s helpless pinning and Soobin’s cluelessness. If jealous Soobin will push things into motion, then jealous Soobin is what he’ll bring.

He was nursing his bottle from the bar when he spotted Beomgyu from the crowd. His brows furrowed and blood boiling as he watched him dancing with Heuningkai without telling him that he

was coming here.

They needed to talk. About this, about them, and about whatever they were. But right now, he had to focus on Yeonjun who looked too giggly for someone who was about to vomit.

“Hyunnie, I don’t feel so good” With that, Taehyun’s eyes widened as he pulled Yeonjun to the nearest bathroom, kicking open the stall and shoving his friend to kneel down on the floor, head towards the toilet bowl.

Yeonjun clung to the bowl as if his life depended on it, a mix of greens and grays coming out of him with the scent of his own vomit making him even more sick.

When he finished flushing his sorrows down the drain, he flushed it, going to the sink with Taehyun in tow, and rinsing his mouth.

He turns to Taehyun, a lopsided smile on his face still.

“Hyunnie let’s go round number 2!”

He was already about to leave the bathroom door to go to the bar until he felt the shorter male pull him by the collar stopping him.

“Nope, you’ve had enough rounds hyung. It’s time to go home.” He says sternly, pulling the other to the main doors of the venue.

“No! No! Don’t wanna!” Yeonjun whines, but still lets Taehyun pull him out, too tired to even fight back.

Taehyun hailed them a cab, told the driver their location and took care of the sleeping Yeonjun on his shoulder.

When they arrived, he rang the doorbell and waited for Soobin to open the door.

“Here hyung, he’s your problem now. Take care of him, yeah?” Taehyun whispers, tugging Yeonjun off of him and let his fall into Soobin’s waiting arms.

“Yeah, of course, I always do,” Soobin laughs, pulling the sleeping Yeonjun closer to his body and ignoring the stench of alcohol hanging off of him.

“I know you do hyung. But you haven’t really been doing that have you?”

Soobin’s brows furrowed at this. “What do you mean?”

Taehyun shrugs, “I don’t know hyung. You need to pick a side, because soon enough, Yeonjun hyung will decide if he still wants to stay by your side or not.”

Soobin lays Yeonjun down on the couch before facing Taehyun again, confused.

“Tell me hyung” Taehyun starts, “If one day, you wake up and decide to marry someone, like I don’t know, Soojin noona, you’ll move out of this apartment right? You’ll find your own place, hyung will find his and leave too. Our lives won’t always be like this. Years will pass and meeting each other wouldn’t be easy anymore. Now imagine that happening with Yeonjun hyung. You won’t wake up to him beside you, he’ll find someone who he’ll spend his life with, and he’ll just be another person in your life who you’ll talk to on the phone. How would that make you feel?”

“That’s stupid Hyun. He’ll always be here. I’ll never let him go and he won’t either. We promised

that.” Soobin was too quick to reply, as if the reassurance was more to himself than Taehyun.

“In what sense hyung? You can’t have hyung sleeping on your bed or living in your house when you decide to marry the woman that you love. It doesn’t work that way. Hyung won’t always be by your side when you make your choice to marry someone else because he’ll want his own life and own husband too. So choose properly hyung, you can’t always have both.”

And with that, Taehyun left, leaving a confused and disoriented Soobin looking at Yeonjun who was deep in sleep on the couch, staring at the blooming marks on his neck.

Hyung won’t always be by your side.

Soobin picked Yeonjun up, carrying him to the bathroom, washing him up and making sure to rub extra hard on the bruises on his neck, before taking him to his bedroom and putting him in his clothes as a way to comfort him.

Choose properly hyung.

He turned off the lights, laying on the bed beside Yeonjun and pulling him closer to his body as he placed Yeonjun’s head on his arm and the other slowly wrapping on his waist. He felt Yeonjun stir, burying his face in between Soobin’s neck and chest like he usually did.

Our lives won’t always be like this.

“I love you” He hears Yeonjun mumble in his sleep, making Soobin’s heart stop, breathing now uneven as he stared at his hyung who had just confessed without meaning to.

You can’t always have both.

Chapter End Notes

don't forget to leave a kudos or comment if you liked it thank you!!!

Sparkling eyes under flashing lights (was when I had to let you go)

Chapter Summary

"Remember the way you made me feel
Such young love but
Something in me knew that it was real
Frozen in my head

Pictures I'm living through for now
Trying to remember all the good times
Our life was cutting through so loud
Memories are playing in my dull mind
I hate this part, paper hearts
And I'll hold a piece of yours
Don't think I would just forget about it
Hoping that you won't forget about it"

- Paper hearts, Tori Kelly

Chapter Notes

Hello I am back!! This chapter was so delayed because some stuff happened in my life, not too major like the ao3 author curse bad yet but still left me feeling like shit (which is honestly perfect in writing this emotional wreck of a book) and ao3 crashing 4 times in a row in the span of 4 or 6 hours is not it at all T_T

Anyways, this chapter is mostly focused on Soobin's side of the story so I hope you guys enjoy :))

I'll post chapter 6 (the last chapter) this week, and it'll focus on all the couples and will probably be the longest chapter in this book (each chapter is usually 4k+ words) so it might take some time.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Choi Yeonjun was an enigma that Soobin had never expected to bulldoze through his life.

Soobin officially met Yeonjun in 7th grade, he knew the boy's existence before they even met. He had walked past him in the halls, his laugh echoing through the hallways catching Soobin's attention when he's in the vicinity. He didn't know him, but he had always told himself to not associate himself with someone like Choi Yeonjun. He was eccentric and asked attention from the room without even having to do anything. He was attractive and people had fawned over him left and right.

Soobin wasn't like that.

He was quiet, and enjoyed his free time. He enjoyed keeping a tight knit group of friends even if he

does talk to people outside of his circle. Their ghost interactions in the hallways were enough for Soobin until this year when their friend group had collided. Beomgyu had befriended Yeonjun in the boy's bathroom, because of course he does it there in all places, and sweet Heuningkai managed to talk to the nonchalant and quiet boy who sat in the back of their class the first day he met him, realizing that Taehyun wasn't sad like he had assumed but was actually just bored out of his mind in the classroom. Yeonjun and Taehyun came in a pair, and so sitting together and being together had become a common occurrence for their friend group.

"Soobin hyung!" He hears Heuningkai calling him, smiling cutely at him when Soobin raised his hand to wave at him.

He was already sitting at their usual table, phone in hand and headset on scrolling through his anime catalog. He was about to click his favorite one that seemed to be a hot topic with his friends but he doesn't really care, as long as he likes it, then he likes it. He doesn't need other people's opinion on it.

"Seriously hyung, you're watching that again?" Beomgyu questions, a hint of judgeness in his voice.

And there goes his free time.

"Gyu, just watch whatever you like and I'll watch mine okay?"

"Oh I definitely will be watching something good today" He smirks, his voice lacing with interest as Heuningkai brings 2 other people to their table.

Soobin looks up from his phone before looking at Beomgyu, "what's with them?"

"I signed up for the dance studio Yeonjun hyung and Taehyun went to, and hyung, Taehyun is so attractive when he dances you should have seen the way he was looking at me."

Soobin's brow raised a little at this, "Since when were you interested in dancing? And no gross I don't want to know what goes on in that delusional brain of yours."

"But hyung he's so fine and smart! Hyung I think I'm in love help" Beomgyu whines, clinging on Soobin's arm and dramatically resting his head on his shoulder as he openly daydreams about the said guy coming to their table.

"First of all, you are not in love, you're just either delusional or desperate, you're too young to like anyone in that way, most especially someone who's in the same grade as Heuningkai, maybe you should keep those fantasies to yourself until he's actually in high school. Second of all, is your definition of smart book smart or just someone who can comprehend things better than you?"

At this, Beomgyu bit his shoulder hard making him wince and slap his friend on the head for revenge.

"Hyungs! Sorry we're late, they helped me carry the boxes in the classroom earlier. Well- Taehyun and I were carrying them then Yeonjun hyung came to pick him up in the room."

Soobin nods, "It's fine, at least you still have a bit of time before class starts." he smiles at them, pretending that his eyes weren't drawn to Yeonjun staring at him.

Beomgyu was a little too quiet than normal for Soobin making him concerned, but when he turned to his side Beomgyu just had his eyes comically wide open, not even bothering to hide his infatuation with the nonchalant Taehyun.

“Soobin-ah, you look so cute like a bunny” Yeonjun teases him, showing his teeth on display like a fox looking at his prey.

Soobin’s eyes widened, his ears turning red in the process clearly hinting that he’s not used to someone saying that. Yeonjun’s eyes sparkled more at this. He always loved teasing him for his own entertainment.

“Say, Soobin-ah, have you tried attending dance practice in the studio or I don’t know, social events at least?”

“I’m not interested in using up my weekends for those.” He confessed, making Yeonjun tilt his head at this.

“Why not?”

He shrugs, “I don’t know.”

“Is it because you’re a nerd or something?”

“I’m not a nerd”

“Are you really not? No offense but you look like one” Yeonjun points out.

“Sorry hyung kinda have to agree there” Beomgyu adds making Soobin pinch him hard.

Ignoring Beomgyu’s cries of pain, he looks at Yeonjun again before saying “I’m not a nerd. I just enjoy my personal time.”

“Mhm, and I’m not the hottest person in our batch.”

“Yeah you’re not.”

“What?!?” Yeonjun exclaimed, eyes widening at his statement.

“Choi Soobin I knew you were blind without glasses but I didn’t know you were also blind with them.” He retorts, eyes narrowing at him in offense.

At this, Soobin removes his glasses before staring at the fuming Yeonjun.

“Yeah, you’re not.” He teases, smiling as Yeonjun continues to act offended.

Cute. He was cute.

Yeonjun was a breath of fresh air for Soobin, he was eccentric and drove Soobin wanting more without noticing it.

Yeonjun woke up, stirring under the covers of the duvet, the familiar scent engulfing him. His head was pounding making him whine, this had got to be one of the worst hangovers he has ever gotten.

“Are you awake now hyung?” he hears Soobin murmur. He didn’t even realize that he was still deep in Soobin’s chest, with the other having his arm wrapped around Yeonjun’s waist, securing him in his grasp and chin resting on Yeonjun’s messy bed hair.

“Soobin-ah it hurts” he whines again, peeking from his position to look him in the eye, a pout

settling on his lips. Soobin only smiled at this, caressing his head before kissing it, making Yeonjun freeze up for a moment.

“I’ll get you hangover soup, we can’t skip any more classes today and we still have dance rehearsals later in the studio.” He reminds him before untangling their limbs and leaving the room with a flustered Yeonjun.

Yeonjun grabbed his phone from the nightstand, burying himself deeper in the covers as he scrolled through his phone. He didn’t even realize the amount of pictures he had gotten to take last night along with the pictures Yeosang and Taehyun sent him. He snorted when he saw the video of him and Wooyoung chugging down the bottle of alcohol from last night, the video of him and San making out was before the video of San making out with Wooyoung next who looked like he was melting in his arms.

Well at least one of us was successful with their relationship.

The other pictures were just either blurred or them drinking and dancing. The memories of last night were slowly resurfacing and Wooyoung’s panicked text about him and San making out just made him laugh. He was laughing until the memories of coming home came back to him. He passed out in the cab then the last thing he remembered when he woke up a little was being in Soobin’s arms and falling back asleep again.

“I love you.”

Yeonjun’s eyes went wide, ears ringing, and instantly springing up from the bed, covering his mouth before he could let out a scream. This was definitely NOT helping his headache.

“Oh no. Oh no, no, no. Fuck, I fucked up I fucked up so bad.” he mutters to himself, feeling the color drain from his face as the seconds passed.

“Dear lord please I know I haven’t been the best child but please tell me that Soobin didn’t hear that last night.” he continued to cry out in frustration, as he punched the pillows beside him.

“I’m doomed, I’m done. This is the last of me. I’m never gonna live this down.”

“Hyung, are you okay in there?” He hears Soobin call out in concern from the kitchen.

“Yeah! Don’t worry Binnie, I’m good! Just the hangover talking” he laughs weakly as if his life just didn’t flash before his eyes. He’s fucked.

They were alone in the practice room, the others already left for their other classes. Yeonjun was sitting on the floor as he gulped down his water, tilting his head back on the mirrored walls.

“Hyung, are we okay?”

Yeonjun looks at Soobin confused. “Why do you ask that, Binnie?”

Soobin goes silent as if formulating a proper answer without messing up their conversation.

“It’s just that, I feel like you’re distancing yourself from me.” he says quietly, looking at Yeonjun for approval to continue.

“I don’t know if it’s because of Soojin or what but I- you just don’t really hang out with us

anymore ever since I got together with her. I'm not saying that hanging out with San hyung or Wooyoung hyung is bad or anything but you're just always with them that you don't even go home sometimes anymore."

Yeonjun pursed his lips contemplating between lying to his best friend for his sake or to straight up just say everything.

Of course he goes with the first option.

"Soobin-ah..." he starts out standing up and meeting Soobin to height, not even knowing where he was going with this.

"I'm sorry for making you feel that way, I promise to hang out with you guys more if you feel that I've been too distanced." *But we can't be like that right now. Not when I still feel this way about you.* He leaves out. "But I'm getting better right? I'm sorry if you feel that way."

"No- hyung it's not really them... it's just me. It feels like you're hiding something from me." Soobin admits, rubbing the back of his neck.

Yeonjun's heart stopped for a moment, a wave of worry and panic running in his head.

Did he hear me last night? Does he know?

"Binnie, I'm not trying to distance myself from you" the lie slips past his lips as if it were natural, "I can have friends outside of our group too you know?"

"I know hyung, but is San really *just* a friend?"

Yeonjun frowned at this. "Why does it matter to you what we are?"

Soobin being the type of person he is, flinched at this. He avoided eye contact before saying "I know that you did more things than what friends usually do."

"What do you mean?" his tone was syrupy.

"I know that you were both having a lot of fun at the party before. I saw you guys kissing and you pulling him somewhere else. Then you didn't come home that night because you probably fucked, right hyung? Not to mention that it happened again last night, you had hickeys all over your neck and the video Taehyun sent me last night just proves me right." Soobin says, his tone getting harder as he continued talking, eyes piercing at Yeonjun's.

"What the fuck Soobin, what is wrong with you today? Sure we did things but we didn't do anything else let alone fuck." he scowled at him, the thoughts of "*If you had only chosen me I wouldn't have left to go to someone else in the first place*" on the tip of his tongue.

"We're just friends Soobin, I don't know why I need to clarify that with you when it shouldn't matter what we did, besides you and I know that he's obsessed with Wooyoung, so drop it."

"Of course it matters hyung!" Soobin exclaims, walking closer to him.

"Why?!?"

"Because you don't kiss your friends like that!"

"Like how Soobin? Like how?"

He didn't even know when Soobin got so close to him, but his heart was pounding as he looked up to meet his eyes, their faces so close he could feel Soobin's warm breath fanning his face. And all of a sudden he was reminded of that night again when they were this close, his heart thumping faster at the memory and the man in front of him.

"Like he's the one that you actually want."

And Soobin was so close, their noses touching and he stared down at his lips that were bound to touch if they moved even an inch closer.

But he can't. *They* can't.

Because Soobin chose Soojin, not him.

"Then maybe you should go find Soojin and kiss her the way you did that night too." Yeonjun whispers, trying to push him back, but Soobin doesn't allow that, pinning him in his place.

"Tell me hyung" he starts out, looking at him straight in the eye, "why do you kiss him and then tell me that you love me?"

Yeonjun's eyes went wide, his heart dropping all the way to the floor. Soobin heard him last night. Soobin knows.

"What?" He tries to play dumb, but his voice betrays him, coming out as meek and quiet as possible.

"You love me. You said you did, don't lie to me hyung, please" Soobin begs, looking at him, finding any answer to his question in Yeonjun's wavering eyes. The practice room was empty and silent yet Yeonjun was sure Soobin could hear the beating of his heart and the ringing in his ears.

"I love you" he voiced out, the words echoing within the walls of the room, his throat burning at the confession he had let out.

"I love you, but you don't need to care about that."

Soobin furrows his brows at this, "what do you mean I don't need to care? Of course I care, hyung!"

"Why? To pity me? To feel bad and disgusted with me for taking advantage of you when you touch me? That I crave for you while I'm out with other men pretending they were you?" he exclaims, voice shaking as he laughs at his own confession.

Yeonjun felt bare, as if he was standing in front of the man he loves with nothing but his pathetic self.

"It'll go away with time. I won't sacrifice our friendship for my own needs Soobin-ah." He tries to smile before grabbing his bag on the floor and walking out of the door, tears threatening to fall down and his breath shaky, leaving a disoriented Soobin behind.

I'll get drunk and kiss strangers, and I'll dance all night with my friends. I will cry for you in places where I can't find any traces of you, but I won't ask for you to stay.

The first time Yeonjun went to his house, it was because he had insisted on going to Soobin's

house instead for their project, saying that his house was closer and that he wants to go out due to boredom in his own house. At this, Soobin had ended up panic cleaning his room. He replaced his sheets and pillow cases, vacuumed his rug and organized everything to make it look clean and presentable and not like Soobin just slept in a bodega.

He didn't know why his stomach churned at the thought of his hyung coming up to his room and just being alone together even after Yeonjun had become a frequent visitor in his room. Maybe it was the fact that he got to enjoy his company without a screaming Beomgyu who usually ruins the moment for them. Speaking of, he should ask him what the hell is happening between him and Taehyun, but that's for another time. Right now, he has to focus on himself and his damn teenage hormones that can't seem to pipe down whenever he sees the boy.

Soobin had grown fond of being with Yeonjun. He found himself always listening to every rant or story he had to offer, always staring at him every chance he got. He didn't know if it was infatuation, but when Yeonjun started touching him, it never failed to make Soobin crave more. He wanted more than holding hands and hugging. He wanted more than what his lingering feelings allowed him to feel.

He hears the door ringing, making him jump a little, too deep in thought that it didn't even occur to him that Yeonjun was on time for their little meeting.

"Hi." Yeonjun smiled when the door opened on him.

"Hi." he says back, smiling as he steps aside to let the older boy in.

The first time he acted bolder than Yeonjun was when he first invited him to his bed. It was after a few minutes of awkward planning and talking when Yeonjun first came to his house that Soobin, without thinking, had reached his hand out to Yeonjun to join him in his bed, as if his inner thoughts had won over his rational ones. He wasn't sure if it was the more rational idea, the bed was too cramped for both of them to be laying in it at the same time. But after that, it became a normal thing for them. As if Yeonjun's body heat had become his personal heater and his laugh had become his personal radio song that he loved listening to.

Soobin was drawn to him like a moth to a flame.

Was he okay with this? He had thought, his fingers hesitant to touch the boy. His arms itched to hold him, to touch the precious relic that was Choi Yeonjun.

The distance between them was none as Soobin finally allowed himself to cave in, wrapping his arms around Yeonjun who had remained still as he did this. And with Soobin's confused and growing feelings for the boy he didn't know if this was the right decision for his heart or mind. But then he felt arms circling around his waist, Yeonjun adjusting himself under Soobin's neck and staying silent in their position.

He buries his face on Yeonjun's black messy hair, breathing in the scent of his shampoo that he had grown accustomed to.

"Junnies hyung" he mumbles to his ear, enjoying the warmth too much for his own good.

This bed had felt like a place where he would always be waiting for him to come home to. It was the only place that he had Yeonjun in his arms like this, without a care in the world.

The questions that ran in his head had always scared him, but in that moment, in the darkness of his room with only the glow stars faintly shining above them, Soobin had promised himself to always

wait for Yeonjun to come home to him.

“Yeonjun hyung” he calls out to the boy from outside his door, knocking even if he knew that the door was open.

Silence met him and his frown deepened. He felt bad, he didn’t mean to be a bother to his hyung, he never wanted that. He had always stayed in his lane, accepted his fate and settled for what was given to him. Yet for some reason, his mind and body had been screaming at him, moving on its own and letting himself act on things that he refused to show for a long time.

“Go away Soobin-ah.”

Soobin sighed, pressing his forehead on the door with his hand on the doorknob, itching to just twist it open.

“Hyung, please don’t do this.” he starts, “I’m sorry for hurting you. And I’m sorry for assuming your relationship with San hyung, you were right, it’s not my place to comment about who you’re with.”

It’s never been my place to say or feel anything about it even if I do. Is what he wanted to say, but he bit his tongue back and swallowed the words down as he always did.

“Hyung? Please open the door, *please*.” he begs, voice coming as a whisper.

“I’m okay Binnie” he hears a hoarse whisper from the other side, “just... give me more time yeah? Don’t worry, I’ll be okay.”

“Please don’t blame San for what we did, it was my fault anyways.”

Soobin felt his heart breaking, his hand firmly clenching on the door handle as he pushed his head a little more on the wooden door, feeling the hard surface even more.

“Don’t blame yourself hyung, it isn’t right. It’s not your fault. None of what you did with him is wrong, you were right, I should be used to it. How could I not when I’m the one who always has to pick you up before right?” He laughs bitterly, as if the information never hurt him and had left him questioning why he was never enough for Yeonjun to look at him that way back when they were still teenagers.

“I love you”

“I’m going on a date today hyung” He says, not knowing what reaction he wanted to get from the person on the other side.

Silence echoed between them until he heard a weak and simple “okay” from Yeonjun.

He didn’t know what he wanted, but that answer had felt like a stone just settled in his stomach.

“It’ll go away in time.”

The voice deep inside him that came out like the pubescent teenage boy that Soobin once was wishes that it doesn’t.

Soobin finally got his license after his 18th birthday. He had learned how to drive at a younger age, sometimes driving his dad's car to pick Yeonjun up from parties ever since he attended his first one. He had called him, voice slurred and a giggling mess with the pitiful and anxious Soobin on the other side of the line. This was the first time that he was allowed to drive around without having to sneak around in the middle of the night and to say that Soobin was excited was an understatement. He was never fond of lying to his parents, but for his hyung he was willing to do so considering that even in his drunken state Soobin was the first person he would call up.

"Soobin-ah you should go with me to the party happening tomorrow" Yeonjun suggests making Soobin stop his chewing midway.

"What?"

"You should go with me."

"Hyung I heard you the first time, but why should I even go to one? You know I don't like them." he points out.

Yeonjun hums at this, agreeing with his statement. "That's true, butttt you'll be with me anyways. And besides Binnie, you're wasting our senior year, you should at least try attending one party for the shits and giggles."

And Soobin, who had never learned how to say 'no' to Yeonjun, agreed to drag him to the loud and messy house filled with horny and drunk teenagers. If he was being honest, he didn't like it. Not one bit. But when Yeonjun dragged him to drink a couple shots and then pulled him to join the crowd of dancing teenagers was when it hit him again of how intense his feelings were for the older boy.

In the mess of people in the pit, all he could see was Yeonjun who was smiling at him with teeth full on display, eyes twinkling as the rgb lights hit his face, and arms slung on Soobin's shoulders as he swayed his body to the beat, embodying it.

He was beautiful. Yeonjun hyung was beautiful.

He was in his element, the center of attention on him and only him and Soobin couldn't help but smile as he allowed himself to wrap his arms around Yeonjun's waist, dancing and hollering the dumb lyrics with him while keeping his attention on him and only him.

The crushing reality of why he never wanted to attend these parties in the first place happened after that. Because soon enough he sees Yeonjun being pulled away from him and brought to a kiss that Yeonjun accepted, slinging his arms around his neck the way he did to Soobin just a while ago.

The pain had coursed through Soobin's body more than anything he had to endure as the reality of his unrequited love had shown up once again. There was a line drawn in their friendship and Soobin knew that he could never cross it.

Soobin was a foolish teenager in love with a boy who was never going to look at him the same way. So he settled for attending these parties in university and would watch as the man he had to let go went out and made out with people who weren't him.

But that was okay with Soobin. As long as he got to see the boy with sparkling eyes under the flashing lights smiling at him and coming home to him, he was okay with it. Because he loved Yeonjun enough to let him go.

Chapter End Notes

Don't forget to leave a comment and kudos if you like this so far!!

Learn to love me

Chapter Summary

"Honey just put your sweet lips on my lips
We should just kiss like real people do."
-like real people do, Hozier.

Chapter Notes

Hello guysss first of all I AM SO SORRY TO UPLOAD SO LATE. Like genuinely was caught up with life like my great great great grandmother died at the age of 102 ,my friend from Korea went to visit here a while after, then my uncle died a few days ago and we just had our first day of school today. Anyways this is going to be the last chapter and I don't think I did it enough justice I'm so sorry for that. Anyways, I hope you enjoy it as usual and this chapter is both perspectives AND side story of Beomgyu and Taehyun :>>

Ps. Yes this chapter is the longest chapter whopping 9k+.

"I love you"

"It'll go away soon."

"I love you"

"It'll go away soon."

"I love you"

The words kept repeating in his head, a mantra that kept breaking his brain and fixing itself back again just to repeat those words again.

Soobin was sitting in one of the booths in the back of the small cafe just beside their school, Soojin had always talked about it to him, that she goes there with her friends after school. When she asked him if she knew about the place, he just shrugged and smiled, and said that he also goes there from time to time even though he finds himself in that cafe more often than that. Yeonjun first dragged him there when they were in their first year of university, the place was brand new with furniture that looked like it hadn't been sat on and the floors polished with no scratches. That place had become more of a getaway place whenever they were both free from classes or just a place to talk and be with each other.

Yeonjun hadn't asked him to go there in a while. In a month actually now that he thought about it. Soobin frowned at this, adding more to the information that he missed from Yeonjun's recent mannerisms towards him.

"Soobin-ah!"

Soobin blinks, staring at the girl in front of him with a full cream colored outfit, a black beret sitting on her head. She had a small frown on her face which made him feel guilty for not noticing that she already arrived.

"Sorry Soojin-ah, my head was kind of out of it" he apologizes.

She only sighs, nodding her head before smiling at him.

"It's okay Binnie, school and life must be stressful for you right now."

More like life problems, but sure school too.

"You look really pretty today, Jinnie." He smiles, ignoring her previous statement.

At this, the aura around her seemed to brighten a little, a genuine smile on her face now. "You look pretty good right now too actually."

She went silent again, avoiding eye contact and lips pursed as if hesitant to say something to him. But then she raised her eyes to meet his, a new emotion in them that he couldn't decipher piercing through his.

"Binnie, are you okay?"

The question struck him unexpectedly, his eyes widened a little, not knowing what to say. Was he okay?

“Of course I am, why wouldn’t I be?”

Her brows furrowed a bit, lips jutted. “Because you haven’t been okay in weeks, and you’re not telling me anything at all about it.”

“Soojin-ah” he starts, “school has just been really busy lately, and I didn’t want to add on the stress to you when you’re stressed with your own life too.” he lies. He’s been doing that a lot lately, to himself and to others.

“Let’s order first before talking, you must be hungry.” He says, opening the menu, preventing her from asking more questions.

After ordering, he sat back down, smiling at her.

“What do you feel like doing today? We have some free time before midterms.” He starts, “We can watch a movie or go shopping if you need something, we can do anything you like today.”

She stayed silent, continuing to stare at him with a small smile on her face yet her eyes seemed so sad that Soobin got confused.

“Soojin-ah?” He calls out to her, concern lacing his voice.

She only sighed, taking his hands and sliding her fingers on his before speaking.

“Then can I please have you all to myself, at least for today?” She asked, voice so soft yet sadness in her tone was evident.

His brows furrowed at this. “What do you mean? Of course I’m yours, I mean this is our date right?” He chuckles a little, trying to lighten the mood.

But he couldn’t. Not when she was looking at him like it was the last time that they would be like this.

“But you’re not really *mine* aren’t you?” she whispers.

Silence.

Soobin felt his heart drop. No words came out to defend himself. No lies came out to defend this relationship.

She forced herself to smile, lips that kept pursing and tugging downwards as he looked at him with glassy eyes.

“Soobin-ah, I love you.”

“I love you.”

The guilt was eating him up alive, her words mirroring Yeonjun’s in his head.

Soobin liked Soojin. He first started talking to her during a class group work, and she had always been shy compared to the others who were giving out their own opinions and ideas to their project. Instead of giving him loud inputs, she would just tell him after their meetings or nod to the others’ ideas, working silently on her laptop. He was surprised to even see her at the party in the first place, clearly uncomfortable around the others. Like any good friend, he tried to be of company to her, and one thing led to another. He enjoyed her company, he liked talking with her and being with her felt comfortable for him. He didn’t feel like changing himself to fit her standards since they already knew each other before, even if they weren’t close yet. That’s why he chose to confide in her while he was trying to move on.

But did he *love* her?

That’s another topic that he can’t categorize for anyone else besides the boy who he can’t seem to fall out of love with. If he were to compare the emotions he had felt with him throughout the years that they spent together, it wouldn’t even be a competition. Their relationship- whatever it was at this point, was a bittersweet taste of first love that stings at the tip of his tongue every time he thinks of him. The emotions make him feel queasy every time he remembers Yeonjun, as if his heart dropped to his stomach and his chest hurts as the memories and emotions choke him, lungs being filled with everything but air. Because every time he thinks of his Yeonjun hyung all he remembers were late nights on his bed, or the night sky enveloping them from the car. He remembers deep conversations and stupid photos in his room. He remembers hesitant touches and

questions. He remembers the feeling of defeat when Yeonjun started to like someone openly to their friend group, the hurt repeatedly piercing him with every conversation about the guy. He remembers the late nights of crying out of frustration at the thought of Yeonjun kissing his current boyfriend at that time and the posts with someone who wasn't him. He remembers the version of Yeonjun that he could see through his eyes and no one else's.

"I love you."

But the person sitting in front of him wasn't Yeonjun. It was Soojin. Soojin the sweet and pretty girl that had caught Soobin's attention even without being eccentric or loud. Soojin who he thought was helping him move on with his feelings, their relationship smooth and sweet like honey. Soojin who was now looking at him with sad and defeated eyes, a tight smile on her face as she expected his answer.

But what answer? He didn't even know what to say. His mind was yelling different things at him all at once. How much longer does he need to lie?

"I love you."

"I-"

"And you don't love me back Soobin-ah." She cuts him off, a bittersweet laugh coming out of her.

She continued to play with their hands, fingers looping on each other. But Soobin could feel his hands burning with hers, could feel the heat and emotions rushing through her veins and traveling towards him.

"You know, I never did tell you how I first saw you, did I?" She starts, head tilting to the side.

"We're classmates Soojin-ah, we met through group work, remember?" He answers her, the concern in his voice wavering, but she only shakes her head making him confused.

"It was the first day of uni, you were sitting on the farthest seat in class with a sleeping boy beside you. I was starstruck when I first saw you, you know?" She chuckles, "You kept answering the professor's questions while everyone else was stuck on the questions. Then you would just shy back away like it was nothing. I kept looking back at you that day, curious about who you were."

“But you left before I could even ask your name. And you kept leaving everyday like that with the same boy beside you. Soobin-ah, I saw the way you looked at Yeonjun oppa from the first day of school, I wasn’t stupid not to know but I was stupid enough to try and make a move.”

He was lost for words. His brain wasn’t processing the information. He didn’t expect a confession, let alone a confrontation and a possible breakup to happen.

He felt stupid for not even noticing her during their first year at uni, he was a nervous wreck at that time but Yeonjun, who was half asleep, would squeeze his hand and kept silently encouraging Soobin to answer the professor. He studied half of the summer for their lessons, and he wanted to do well in University. It was his agreement with his mom for allowing him to stay with Yeonjun, proving that he wasn’t a distraction to him with his studies.

“Soojin-ah, I’m sorry, I didn’t know.” He mumbles, head bowing in shame. “First year of uni I was really just focused on studies, I wasn’t as aware of my surroundings as I am now, even if apparently I’m still horrible at it.”

“It’s okay.”

“No Soojin-ah, you know it’s not right.”

“Thank you” she cuts him off, “For giving me a chance. I don’t resent you or anyone that we involved in our relationship. I’ll continue to be the classmate that you can depend on in groupworks and I hope that you can be too. I really love seeing you as a team leader Soobin-ah.”

And they left it at that.

They ate silently, continued to walk around the mall as if a bomb didn’t drop in their relationship. And that today would be the end of it. Soojin kept up the act, she was smiling and holding his hand like usual. Soobin tried his best too, talking about random things like the recent project their professor told them or the movies that he wanted to watch.

She had pulled him in a shop, clothes quickly piling up on his arms as he served her like a clothing rack. While she tried them on, he looked around more, the little trinkets and jewels shining from the artificial light of the store. Yeonjun hyung would’ve liked it here, the thought came to him when he saw the different patterns on the clothing rack and the skirts neatly folded under the

mannequin display. His hyung would've probably dented his wallet again from the amount of clothes that he would've bought here.

Soobin then felt the guilt weighing on him. He was out on his final date with a girl who was in love with him, but here he was thinking of someone else. But he couldn't lie. He had learned how to lie a lot in the past, but that's one thing that he couldn't bring himself to do at this moment. Not when he finally heard the words that he thought that would never be directed towards him.

"I love you."

Soobin got home earlier than expected, he walked around aimlessly for a while by himself, finally trying to process everything that had happened these past few days. The past month actually.

His eyes darted to Yeonjun who was sitting on their couch, legs crossed and expression fully aloof as he stared off to nothing. The music from the tv is still playing but Soobin doesn't think it's even reaching Yeonjun anymore at this point.

Hesitant, he walked over to him and sat down, his arms wrapping around Yeonjun's shoulders and pulling him in, ignoring the flinch that came from it.

He puts his head on his shoulder, inhaling the familiar scent and burying himself in it.

Yeonjun was home. And Soobin loves coming home to him.

Soobin was in love.

Long were the days when he would deny them, when he would push them down and act as if the thoughts of Yeonjun kissing someone else wasn't physically and mentally hurting him.

"Hyung." he mumbles, not knowing where to start.

"Hyung..." he calls out again, drawing it out yet maintaining the tone of his voice, too afraid to

break the silence.

"You can't keep doing this Soobin," Yeonjun breathes out, voice quiet and hoarse as if he hasn't used it all day.

"What do you mean?" He asks, brows furrowed, leaning out from his position.

"This Soobin!" Yeonjun exclaims, surprising him. "You can't keep finding me and holding me when you're with her."

"What do you mean hyung? Why not? We've done this all the time!"

"God Soobin, how could you be so clueless? You chose her! You chose her and not me okay?!? You chose her the moment you kissed her and brought her home, you *chose* her. And touching me like this as if you didn't choose me hurts." He yells out.

He goes silent, eyes wide open at yeonjun who was crying angry tears, emotions going haywire.

"But you promised-"

"I did promise you." Yeonjun huffs out, laughing a little. "And I haven't left you because lord knows how hard I've tried to but it physically pains me Soobin. So I'm sorry if all I can do is drink myself out of this mess because it's way better than being with you and her. I wasn't even supposed to say that I love you."

His eyes were watery as if he was trying to keep the tears at bay but Yeonjun turned his back to Soobin who was too stunned- too hurt to say anything else. And that's when he sees Yeonjun's shoulders trembling.

Soobin hung his head low, laughing a little at the situation. It was bitter and empty, the years of hurt finally resurfacing.

"I wasn't even supposed to say that I love you." The words continue to stab him repeatedly.

“I hate you hyung” he mutters, his words followed by another laugh.

At this, Yeonjun whips his head to Soobin, eyes wide and bottom lip quivering.

“Soobin-ah?” He calls out to him meekly, but Soobin keeps his head low, not daring to raise it.

“Hyung, why are you mad at me right now?”

Yeonjun went silent before answering, “Because you didn’t choose me like how I thought you would.”

At this, Soobin couldn’t help but laugh again.

“Hyung don’t you think it’s unfair for you to be getting mad at me about that? You kiss other people plenty of times at parties. For fucks sake hyung you hooked up with San! You made out with him not even once but twice!”

“Bin it’s different okay and you know that You with *her* is different. We’re *friends* and we don’t like each other. Not like what you did with her. Forget it, it’s whatever” Yeonjun tries to dismiss the topic, the spite rolling off his tongue the more he remembered it.

“Hyung, have you ever imagined what you do to me when I see you making out with someone else? Yeah, you don’t, since you do it ALL THE TIME. And this ONE TIME that I do it you get pissed at me? Seriously?” Soobin exclaims, his patience also running low.

“Soobin I said, drop it already.” Yeonjun grits out, his patience and emotions going haywire inside him. It was obvious that he wasn’t ready to talk about this. And he probably will never feel ready to.

But Soobin wasn’t done.

“I tried to move on from you too, you know?” he starts, “Hyung I tried so fucking hard to stop

liking you- to stop *loving* you. Did you know how many years I had to endure watching you choose someone who wasn't me?"

By this time, he was shouting, harshly threading his fingers on his hair and pulling it, the years of frustration overcoming him.

"Hyung, I was trying to *move on*. With *her*."

Yeonjun was just looking at him, tears flowing down his face with nothing to say.

Their apartment was silent, their breaths and white noise with the trickle of rain from the windows filling the room.

Soobin with his weak and broken heart thumping from the heavy tension around them. He scanned the face of the boy that sat across from him, and all of a sudden they were teenagers again, lost and confused with their feelings that continued to eat them up.

Their eyes met, and the galaxy that Soobin fell in love with was now an ocean with roaring tides, the heavy rain pouring and leaking on his cheeks. Maintaining eye contact, hesitantly, he raised his hands towards his face, cupping it, using his thumbs wiping away Yeonjun's tears.

"She confessed to me earlier, hyung." He starts off, voice echoing in the silence of their living room. "She said that she loves me."

Yeonjun's eyes went wide, more tears fell and Soobin kept wiping them away.

"Did you say it back?" He whispers. Yeonjun was scared, he didn't know how to keep it in him anymore. He wasn't okay. And the thoughts of Soobin loving someone else made him want to puke even more.

"I broke up with her."

Yeonjun stares at him, his eyes going even wider at the information.

“Why? Why did you leave her?” he asks, “I thought you liked her?”

Soobin only smiled before saying, “Apparently she knew that I was in love with you even before you found out yourself.”

At that moment, it felt like time had stopped for them. With a shaky hand, Yeonjun cups his face back, wiping the tears that Soobin didn’t know he was shedding before leaning their foreheads on each other.

They both just stared in each other’s eyes, a smile slowly creeping up on them.

“I love you.” Yeonjun breathes, closing his eyes. "Please never lie about this."

“I love you.” Soobin replies, feeling his eyes flutter shut too. "And hyung, you’re the only thing I can never lie about."

Their faces got closer, their breaths tickling their faces, they were hesitant, as if unsure if they could finally soothe their long term craving of each other’s lips.

Soobin wasn’t sure who moved first, if it was Yeonjun or him, but the gap had closed and soft lips had *finally* clashed with him.

Yeonjun’s heart swells, his whole body tempted to go limp in Soobin’s hold. Kissing Soobin was exactly like how he expected it to be. Hurried but not sloppy, and with the desperation that had clung on to them like glue, refusing to break them apart. Soobin’s lips were so so sweet and tender on Yeonjun’s even as they were separating and giggling like teenagers after. But they clearly weren’t done. Because Soobin pulled Yeonjun closer by the waist, making him straddle his torso as Yeonjun placed his arms around his neck. Everything happened so fast, because after a while of making out, tender and sweet wasn’t enough. Hunger and longing finally took over, whines and moans coming out of them. Yeonjun’s hands were traveling between Soobin’s neck and were lacing his fingers on Soobin’s hair, moaning as he allowed Soobin to overtake him. Soobin grabs Yeonjun by the hair, pulling his head to the side as his lips traveled from his face to his neck, sucking on the places that he remembered San marking, the jealousy still burning deeply in him. Yeonjun was only whining and panting, grinding on Soobin’s growing bulge with his own as he turned into putty in Soobin’s arms.

“Soobin, *please*.” Yeonjun rasps, grabbing Soobin’s hip and pulling them down as he tilts his own

up, increasing the friction between them that intensifies the burning lust in his stomach. “I want you. I-I *want* you, *please*.”

“Are you sure?” Soobin chokes out as Yeonjun grinds on him harder, Soobin’s hands now firm on Yeonjun’s ass. Soobin feels how hard Yeonjun is in his jeans, lets out a pathetic grunt as Yeonjun whines when he roughly squeezes his ass cheeks. “Just fuck me already!”

A switch flipped in Soobin, his arms immediately gripping Yeonjun’s thighs as he wrapped them around Soobin’s torso, and then carried him to his bedroom, not even bothering to close the door.

They’ve been waiting aimlessly for each other for years, there was no way that they would let each other go now.

[Beomgyu and Taehyun’s storyline]

Beomgyu and Taehyun were in high school when Taehyun realized his feelings for him. He doesn’t remember when it started, but he does remember the day their whole arrangement happened.

They sat in the usual table without the others, Taehyun had his book open while taking down some notes and Beomgyu was with him, slowly melting on the table out of boredom. They didn’t talk outside of the short stories or jokes that they would sometimes share out of nowhere. Taehyun was busy with math and Beomgyu wasn’t bored enough to care about it. So that’s how they ended up just sitting in comfortable silence, sometimes peeking at each other outside of their own worlds. It was nothing out of the ordinary until Beomgyu started talking.

“Hyunnie, do you ever think about kissing someone?”

Taehyun’s hand stopped moving, the ink bleeding onto the paper before continuing his work.

“Not really, why?” *lies*.

“Well I do.”

At this, his hand stopped writing again, the splotch of ink spreading faster on the page. The thought of Beomgyu kissing and making out with another guy, a faceless guy that he doesn't know, made his stomach churn unpleasantly.

“Who?”

Beomgyu shrugged, “I don't know. Anyone?”

“What?”

“I don't know, anyone is okay for me at this point. Hyunnie I'm young and single. Everyone's out and doing something hell even you go out and party while I'm stuck at home.” He whines, “I can't be left behind like this!”

What Taehyun didn't know at that time though was that Beomgyu was indicating his poor excuse of a “move” to him directly. 17 year old Beomgyu's patience was running dry, after secretly pining for his best friend for years with no avail, he was starting to lose his sanity.

Beomgyu looks up at Taehyun from the table, big brown eyes staring at Taehyun and pouting. “Am I not good enough? Do I look bad for other people?” he asks him.

Taehyun swore an arrow just shot through him at that point. Curse cupid if he existed.

Taehyun just continued to stare at Beomgyu, homework completely forgotten. He hasn't given him an answer yet, making Beomgyu pout even more. Taehyun's eyes kept darting from his soft lips and to the eyes staring at him. He bit the inside of his mouth, restraining himself.

“Do you really want to be kissed that badly, hyung?” He mutters.

Beomgyu bit his lip, a tint of red now on his cheeks as he nodded, making Taehyun even more turned on than he should be. *This was innocent curiosity, he shouldn't be aroused in the first place.*

“Yah Kang Taehyun don’t tease me, it’s embarrassing enough for me” Beomgyu groans, breaking eye contact as he slaps his arm playfully.

But Taehyun wasn’t having it.

“Then kiss me.” He offered before he could even register what he had said. His voice had dropped all previous teases, tone an octave lower, never breaking eye contact.

“What?” Now it was Beomgyu’s turn to be caught off guard.

Beomgyu was unsure, asking him if that was really okay with him. All the previous confidence with his abrupt plan now gone.

“You can’t be serious” He laughed nervously, making Taehyun break out of his trance for a bit.

Beomgyu was nervous, and Taehyun was being too obvious.

He leans away from Beomgyu whose eyes were anywhere but his.

“Hyung” he calls out, “you don’t have to kiss me. I just thought that you would be more comfortable with doing it with someone who you already know.”

Beomgyu stares at him for a while before smiling a little, “Yeah, I think you’re right. Besides, if I kiss you now then it could be like some sort of practice right?”

Ouch. Practice. Got it.

“Yeah yeah, like a practice partner for the person you’ll actually like in the future.”

Taehyun tried to play it off as if it wasn’t a big deal.

It was.

Beomgyu's composure seemed to calm down and his usual smile on his face was back on. That was the only thing that mattered to Taehyun.

Beomgyu looks him in the eye now, head tilting a bit to the side. "You're a really good friend Taehyun-ah."

And Taehyun smiles, forcing all of the bitter feelings down his throat and swallows them whole.

"Of course hyung, anything for you."

"Problem though, I don't exactly know how to... kiss" Beomgyu says, his voice going down quietly as it reaches the end.

Taehyun stares at him a little bewildered before laughing. Beomgyu was not exactly happy with this reaction as his face slowly started turning red like a tomato and continuously slapped Taehyun on his chest.

"You're mean Kang Taehyun, I take it all back. You're a bad friend." he whines.

Taehyun catches Beomgyu's wrists, pulling him closer until their breaths are fanning each other, eyes locked on one another. Without warning, Taehyun places a peck on his lips making Beomgyu's eyes widen. Taehyun continues this for 2 more times, pecking him on the lips until he fully pulls him in, lips moving on Beomgyu's and his hands caressing his waist.

Beomgyu was hesitant, not knowing exactly how to move on his own but with Taehyun's hands on his waist reassuring him with every caress and gentle squeeze. He finally closes his eyes, lips moving to match Taehyun's tempo as he slings his arms around his neck, pulling him in. Beomgyu knew he wanted Taehyun, he had dreamed about this day for so long that he could probably cry about how pathetic his plan is. but Taehyun didn't have to know that.

Taehyun on the other hand didn't know how much he actually longed to kiss Beomgyu's soft lips until now. He bit Beomgyu's lip, asking for access and Beomgyu moaned, opening his mouth for him. Taehyun didn't know how to act, the need to be with Beomgyu, to be in him, was going haywire in him. His hands traveled from his waist to his pecks then back down to his torso, gripping on them as he caressed them almost teasingly.

When they separated, Beomgyu was panting, eyes glossy and clouded with desire, and lips red and swollen that Taehyun just wanted to dive back in. His hair was a mess and his uniform was wrinkled from all of the movement. He looked so out of it and it was all from kissing Taehyun.

Taehyun can't even feign ignorance to the tent they were both sporting. He blames it all on teenage hormones.

"You okay hyung?"

Beomgyu looks at him through hooded eyes, mouth still slightly agape as he catches his breath. "Where...did you learn how to do that?"

Taehyun chuckles, combing his fingers on Beomgyu's hair as an attempt to fix it as Beomgyu closes his eyes and leaned in more to his touch.

"It's not exactly my first hyung." he chuckles, "with the amount of times that Yeonjun hyung and I had gone out to drink it would be kind of impossible to not kiss someone along the way."

Beomgyu felt his chest tighten at the thought of the amount of people Taehyun got to kiss before him and how good they must have felt together. If this was enough for Beomgyu to melt into putty in Taehyun's hands, then what about the people who he did more than kissing with? His stomach continued to churn with that thought as he separated from Taehyun.

"Well maybe I should join you next time you guys go out. Sounds like you have a lot of fun with people there." He suggests, smiling as he lies through his teeth.

At this, Taehyun felt his eyes narrow at the thought of someone else being able to touch Beomgyu other than him. Someone who would be able to get his next "firsts" other than him. A frown was about to settle on his face but he mentally slaps himself, giving him a tight smile instead.

"Sure hyung, sure."

Silence echoed in between them until Taehyun spoke up.

“We’re only doing this one time, right?”

The sentence doesn’t process properly in Beomgyu’s head as much as he wanted it to. “Hm?”

“This is the only time right?” Taehyun repeats.

The line finally sinks in and the disappointment courses through Beomgyu, leaving a bitter after taste on his tongue. “Yeah dude, of course. I mean, you’re just here to help me get out of my sad sex life remember?”

Beomgyu tried to joke about it. The joke was doing nothing but choking him even more. It wasn’t funny and he wasn’t laughing.

It’s a one time thing, don’t hurt yourself over something so small Choi Beomgyu.

The thing is, they did more than just kissing. That was just the beginning of their excuses to touch each other any time that they were allowed to. It’s been a month since they started touching each other, and their friends had already established that they were dating.

“Taehyun-ah let’s go.” Yeonjun calls out for him, already walking to their other class.

“Same with you Gyu, we still need to go over the details of the project with Sungmun.” Soobin says.

Beomgyu nodded, ready to drag himself to the classroom when he felt Taehyun staring at him, as if he was digging a hole on the back of his head. The butterflies started to erupt in his stomach as a stupid smile fought its way on his lips.

“Actually, you guys go on. Hyung and I were supposed to talk about some things that he needed help with for his test later.”

The three of them raised a brow at the sorry excuse Taehyun sprouted. “Hyun, I think that

Beomgyu's stupidity is starting to catch up on you."

Soobin nodded at Yeonjun's statement and even added, "And stupidity is not a good look on you."

Taehyun was about to retort when Hueningkai jumped on Soobin's back, dangling off from his shoulders.

"You guys are so gross now but keep that to yourself. Hyungs just leave them." He says giggling, trying to maneuver Soobin to go the other way. Except he wasn't really doing that, it was more of almost choking Soobin by accident.

Taehyun rolls his eyes before pulling Beomgyu away from their friends, dragging him to an empty classroom. He locks the door before pinning him on the wall. Taehyun wraps his arms around his waist as Beomgyu slings his arms around his neck pulling him closer, their foreheads touching as they smile and giggle to each other.

"Hi" Beomgyu breathes out, his grin widening.

"Hi" Taehyun responds back before they lock their lips onto each other, hungry and filled with desire.

They had accepted their fate about being friends with benefits. It was a no strings attached relationship for them. And that was enough. It had to be.

Until it wasn't.

"Hyung I think we should end this."

Long were the days of hesitant touches and hiding. They were now in their 20s, under the sheets of Taehyun's covers naked as the night was settling in. They had just finished their "nightly activities"

and Taehyun had just dropped the biggest bomb on Beomgyu out of nowhere.

“What?”

“We should end this.”

It only took a short moment for Taehyun’s words to sink in, and when it did, Beomgyu felt his chest tightening, feeling suffocated as he stills in Taehyun’s arms.

“Why would you say that Hyun?” he swallows, “did I do something wrong?”

Taehyun only nuzzles his face on his newly dyed brown hair, sighing.

“No hyung, it’s just... we started this for your ‘practice’ with someone else and I think that you’re already doing a pretty good job now right? Besides, we’ve been ‘practicing’ since we were in high school. It’s been four years.”

If Taehyun was being honest, he was just sprouting any nonsense he can to get away from Beomgyu after seeing him make out with someone else in the club. It had been an unwritten rule between them to only be with each other. *To only want each other.* The only flaw about that rule for their “relationship” was just that. It was an unwritten rule. They were both allowed to go with anyone else that they liked, allowed to leave their “relationship” and continue being friends. Because that’s all they ever were. *Friends.*

Beomgyu on the other hand was too stunned. He was too hurt. And Taehyun saying it like it wasn’t a big deal to him, like they weren’t a big deal to him, had hurt him more. He didn’t expect for him to say it like that. Maybe Beomgyu was in denial, but he wanted Taehyun to feel as bad as he did. He wanted him to feel what he was feeling through all the bitterness that was coursing through his veins. He knew Taehyun enough to know that this wasn’t just nothing to him. But the fact that he could pretend that it was while holding Beomgyu in his arms in his most vulnerable state had pierced him more than he was allowed to show.

Beomgyu nods, swallowing down the sobs that were about to come out of him. “Right, right. Did you, um, find someone else perhaps?”

“Well, not yet. But Hueningkai did introduce me to someone a few days ago. They wanted to meet

up tomorrow and they seemed pretty okay.” Taehyun says, “How about you hyung, how’s the guy that you were making out with a few days ago?” Taehyun tried to not sound bitter, to keep it on his tongue and not let his nonchalant tone change but was feeling hysterical despite himself. But it was hard when the idea of Beomgyu flirting and then kissing someone else who wasn’t him kept repeating in his mind, anger and bitterness bubbling up inside him.

Beomgyu’s eyes shot wide open at this, the guilt and shame sinking in him all over again.

“You were there? You saw?” He asks quietly, voice dripping with regret.

This made Taehyun’s brow furrow, the anger in him not helping the situation. “Was I not supposed to see? How long have you been doing this behind my back hyung? Have you been kissing other people and keeping it a secret from me?”

Beomgyu quickly shakes his head, burying himself deeper in Taehyun’s chest as his fingers start to shake, gripping on Taehyun’s back.

“No- No. Hyunnie, that was the first. I never meant to hide it from you, I just- I didn’t know how to tell you. And no we didn’t do anything other than that.” *I could never do that to you* he leaves out.

“God hyung” Taehyun groans, pulling the shaking man closer.

“Hyung, you don’t have to hide things from me okay? And besides, we’re just friends. You don’t have to act like you were cheating on me.” *even if it does.*

Taehyun was sure he had something against himself. Because everything that was coming out of his mouth was a lie to himself and to Beomgyu.

Beomgyu stilled at his words for a moment. *We’re just friends.* The words had stung Beomgyu more than it should. They were facts. They weren’t anything. Taehyun just wanted to help his virgin ass self get out of that yet here he was messing up all over again.

“Friends. Right. Sorry about that.” He mutters, still dazed.

“you should sleep now hyung. You must be tired.” Taehyun mumbles, pulling him closer to his body. Beomgyu would usually love this. To be as close and near to Taehyun as he can after sex. it helped him believe, helped him *pretend* that Taehyun was his and that they weren’t just *friends*. But right now Taehyun’s touch felt like fire on his body. Burning him inside and out.

When Beomgyu woke up, Taehyun was no longer beside him. Memories from last night flooded in his mind and he could feel his eyes stinging. The bed was so cold and empty without him. And knowing that Taehyun left to go out on a date with someone else made it feel like a rock had settled in his stomach.

He wanted to cry. This wasn’t how he expected his life to turn out. To be so pathetically in love with his best friend and to give him his body and to finally, *finally* have him one way or another only for Beomgyu to get pissed drunk and make out with someone else.

He grabs his phone from the nightstand, clicking Taehyun’s messages and pictures for him.

Taehyunnie muscle baby

- Good morning hyung! I had to leave early to meet up with Elle. She’s the one Kai wanted me to meet with. Make sure to eat something before leaving for class okay?

- She’s actually a pretty nice hyung, she’s half American like Kai, maybe that’s how they got along. Maybe you could meet her next time!!

- Hyung, have you eaten yet? We’re here in the usual cafe around campus. Do you want me to bring you something?

- I told Elle that you really liked the strawberry shortcakes here. She ended up ordering it and apparently she loves strawberries too!

Beomgyu felt like throwing up. This was the first time Taehyun had shown any interest besides him. And it felt disgusting. Honestly he underestimated the sheer amount of will power Yeonjun had to pull off while Soobin was out actually dating a girl. Maybe his teasing and oblivious acting to it all became some sort of karma that just came back to bite him in the ass.

And it bit him hard.

Beomgyu's mind had started a hazy montage of Taehyun kissing unfamiliar faces. To hopefully help him get used to the situation. Each one had been different from each other, thoughts of intimate touches that they both shared now with random unfamiliar faces. The only similarity from all of them was that none of them were Beomgyu.

You see, Taehyun had always had the option to leave, to end whatever they had and go back to being with other people. Beomgyu on the other hand had the option to stop everything and explore outside of Taehyun and their kind of fucked up friendship. He had to choose to be "satisfied" with the sex education and practices that he had done with the younger. But leaving for him was never the option.

For Beomgyu, he was willing to give himself to Taehyun.

He was willing to adjust for Taehyun. To be the perfect man that he wanted, to be the only one Taehyun desired. But the problem was that he was a man and Taehyun went out with a woman.

Beomgyu stares at the pictures of Taehyun and Elle, and he feels something crack in his chest, a jealousy he's not entitled to burns through his veins. Because for *4 years*, he was able to bask in all the love and attention Taehyun had to offer. To experience the high school love that he had wanted, to giggle as they would hide in classrooms to kiss, to feel Taehyun's touches in places that he would never let anyone else touch. To feel what it's like being under the light of his gaze for years and how it has sunken in his bones until he couldn't remember what it's like to not have it. Because Taehyun's attention revered him. To Beomgyu, Taehyun made him feel loved, treasured, adored, and taken care of.

He wasn't sure how he could ever go back to being a footnote in Taehyun's life as if he never experienced what it was like to feel loved by him. He wasn't sure how he could even handle Taehyun falling in love with someone else. To touch someone else. To look at them more than how he looked at Beomgyu.

Beomgyu wanted to scream. Wanted to curse Hueningkai for introducing Elle to Taehyun. So he did. Because Beomgyu being Beomgyu was stupid and stubborn like that.

He quickly swipes through his contacts, pressing Kai's number.

"Hyung?"

“Get your ass here right fucking now Kamal.”

“Why would you do that?”

“What do you mean hyung?”

“Don’t fuck with me Hueningkai!”

Hueningkai expected this. He really did. He just didn’t expect a pillow thrown at his face by a crying Beomgyu the moment he entered the room.

“Why would you do *that*?” he repeats, the words seething out of his mouth.

Hueningkai just shrugs, throwing himself belly flat on the mattress. “Damn hyung, I will never get over how soft Taehyunnie’s bed is. The beds in the dorm are asses.” He then perks up, looking at Beomgyu. “Do you think I can live here too?” And then another pillow was thrown at him.

“Jeez okay damn” he hisses, “Hyunnie was sad because of you. Elle was new and she’s really nice and pretty. Hyunnie started acting cupid with Soobin hyung and Yeonjun hyung even if his own love life is shit. There, happy?”

“But Kai you know how I feel for him.” he whines, “how could you just do that?”

“Hyung, no offense, but your weird ass relationship was going nowhere. Even *I* thought you were dating until you were making out with that guy.”

Beomgyu groans into a pillow before glaring at Hueningkai who was unbothered by his reactions. “Well what the fuck do you want me to do now?”

“I don’t know” he shrugs, “wanna drink it off?”

One bottle of Soju turned into two, until two turned into four, and four turned into six and Beomgyu was completely out of it. First he was laughing, making jokes and hitting Kai. Next he was crying and getting mad, chugging straight from the bottle and blabbering about his turmoil and jealousy. But now he's just full on crying with Kai just looking at him with concern written on his face clearly not knowing what to do.

"Let's get you to bed hyung." He suggests, pulling the boy from the chair who was just letting himself be dragged on the floor.

"Ningning it hurts" he cries.

"I know hyung, sorry for dragging you. You're just too heavy right now." Kai apologizes out of breath still. He doesn't remember the room being that far away from the dining room.

"I love him so much all the way back from 7th grade" he cries "I didn't even care when Soobin hyung called me a pervert or a pedophile for liking a 6th grader!" his words were starting to slur but he really couldn't shut up.

Hueningkai grunts as he finally makes it to the room, kicking the door open. "Hyung, no offense but, ugh, that is kind of weird." He navigates them in the dark room, his toe hitting the bed post.

"Fuck that hurts" he mutters, biting his lip before he tosses the drunkard on the bed.

"His dick is so big Ningning. And now your friend is gonna have it too, it's unfair!" He continues to cry on the bed.

"Oh for fucks sake hyung stop crying over Taehyun's dick to me. I really don't need that information. Ever." He sputtered, trying to remove the disgusting image out of his head.

"I'm gonna get you water okay? Just don't do anything stupid."

And the door closed leaving Beomgyu in the dark. He doesn't like the dark.

Taehyun knew that.

Taehyun.

Before he could even process what he was about to do, he grabs his phone and opens his contacts and sees the name he's been longing for the whole day. The frown on his face deepened as he scrolls through the new pictures Taehyun sent like a picture of him and Elle together, Elle eating the strawberry shortcake that *Beomgyu* loves, the meal that Taehyun was going to eat, and a picture of Taehyun taken by Elle. He was wearing a black fitted turtleneck, black hair in the middle part and dimples on full display as he looked at the camera. The sinking feeling in Beomgyu's stomach worsened and the tears continued to stream down his face, soaking the pillow.

He clicks the call button, gasping for air through his sobs.

By the 3rd ring, Taehyun finally answers.

"Hello?"

"Hyun I'm sorry, please I'm sorry please don't hate me please." He cried, breath shaking as he said his sentences.

"Hyung? Hyung, are you okay? What happened? And no, I could never hate you." He hears Taehyun say, worry and panic lacing his voice.

"I know you don't love me but please please please don't hate me. I'm sorry for kissing him, I don't know why I did that. I hate myself for it and I would understand if you feel that way too but please don't leave me."

Beomgyu couldn't control himself anymore.

"I need you" he finally exhales, "I love you Kang Taehyun and it hurts that I do."

"Hyung? Are you at home? Please tell me you're still there. I'm coming home right now. Don't leave the call." Taehyun was now full on panicking, and Beomgyu could hear the clattering of

objects through the line.

He was a mess. Here he was pathetically crying on the phone with his supposed to be best friend when he was out doing who knows what *without him*.

Beomgyu didn't need anyone else that he flirted with, hell doesn't even care about the guy that he made out with in the club after realizing that no one could even come close to Taehyun's lips. But now Taehyun was on a date. He's out with someone who wasn't Beomgyu and the thought haunts him to no end because how could he compete with that? He wasn't a girl. And he would never be one either. She probably had more experience than Beomgyu who, unlike her, relied on experiences with only Taehyun.

Taehyun felt panic coursing through his veins as he sat in the bus, his knee bouncing along with his thoughts. He felt bad for leaving Elle early, well, not really early. It was already 7 pm and they just spent the entire day chatting in the cafe. He liked her. He really did. For a while she had kept his train of thoughts away from a certain brunette, but after picking up his call with Beomgyu crying on the other side, he panicked. He had gotten up, grabbing his bag and leaving cash on the table and telling Elle about the situation and apologizing, promising to make it up to her. Thankfully she understood, smiled at him and told him to calm down before allowing him to dash off.

Beomgyu had confessed to him. On the phone. The call was still ongoing with Beomgyu still crying on the other side. Half of him is worried, concerned about what had happened to him in the span of 7 hours without Taehyun. But then the other half- the other hopeful half that has his heart thumping with anticipation to hear those words again. Not through the phone, but in real life, to his face.

"Gyu, hold on okay? I'm almost at the bus stop hyung." He reassures and all he got was a meek "okay." on the line.

The moment he saw his stop, he was the first person out, running off to their apartment. He went to their elevator, pressing the 3rd floor and tapped his foot while he waited. The elevator doors opened, and out he went, speed walking to their door. He fishes his keys from his pocket, fingers shaking as he tries to open it. His heart was still thumping, both from the adrenaline and impatience bubbling up in him.

The door opens from the other side revealing Heuningkai with a relieved look on his face.

“Took you long enough. Hyung is going crazy in the room and I’m too scared to go back in.” He confesses sheepishly.

Taehyun furrowed his brows at him, “Wait, why are you even here?”

“Hyung called me and got mad that I let you go on a date with Elle. I expected him to get mad at me but I didn’t expect him to act like this.” He says, “Then I asked him if he wanted to just drink it off but hyung drank a little too much.”

“I’m so sorry Hyun, I didn’t mean to ruin whatever your relationship was.” He adds, giving him an apologetic look.

Taehyun sighs, sliding his hand on his face as the confusion of the situation leaves his shoulders a bit.

“It’s fine, it was bound to happen anyways” he says, dismissing the topic.

“Just tell Elle that I really am sorry for tonight. She’s really nice but right now I need to talk to hyung about this.”

Heuningkai just nods, apologizing again before grabbing his own stuff and leaving the door. The moment Taehyun hears it click, he immediately rushes to his room, turning on the light to see Beomgyu curled up in a ball in the middle of his bed hugging himself.

“Beomgyu hyung?” Taehyun called out, his voice smooth and deep. Beomgyu’s sobs paused, his body going still at the familiar voice. “Hyung I’m home.” he reached out, running a gentle hand through Beomgyu’s disheveled hair.

Still, Beomgyu didn’t move, a part of his intoxicated brain telling him that it wasn’t Taehyun but a figment of his imagination even if he knew that it was him. He knew because Taehyun kneeled on the bed, gently moving the pillow away from his face so he could get a better look at him.

“Hi hyung.” he smiles, brushing his bangs away from his face.

Beomgyu sniffled, wiping away some of the tears still forming in his eyes. He slowly sat up, staring at Taehyun's face, before he flung himself at Taehyun with full force, making him fall back a bit on the mattress. Beomgyu wrapped his arms tightly around his neck, burying his face completely on Taehyun's chest, needing the skin contact.

Taehyun maneuvers Beomgyu so that he was straddling him, and was sitting comfortably in his lap as he cried. He held Beomgyu close, arms bracketing him in, and ran his fingers through his hair in an attempt to calm him down.

"It's okay hyung, I'm here, stop crying now okay? I'm not leaving anymore." Taehyun whispers into Beomgyu's ear, kissing him all over in the places that he could reach. Each press of his lips against Beomgyu's neck branding him in a way that burns him from the inside out.

A few minutes later, Beomgyu eventually somewhat calmed down. He still clung to Taehyun and it didn't look like he was going to let go anytime soon. Taehyun was okay with that. Even though it broke his heart to see his hyung in this state, he still found him very cute. Like a baby.

"Are you ready to talk now hyung?" he whispers in his ear, making Beomgyu shiver a little. He nods in response, not going out of his current position.

"What happened when I was gone?" he starts.

"You left." Beomgyu mumbles, tears starting to build up again as he remembers waking up alone in bed this morning. "You left me alone to go out with her."

Taehyun sighs, rocking them back and forth. "I'm sorry hyung, I didn't mean to startle you like that. But I did tell you about it last night though." he points out.

This had only made Beomgyu angrier, thrashing a bit in his hold as he came out of his position, staring at Taehyun through bleary eyes.

"I hate you." he snarled. "I hate you and I hate that you would be willing to touch other people after I had given you all of me. It's not fair!" He exclaims, more tears now streaming down his face.

"Do you know- Do you even know what it feels like to sit here and think about you wanting to be

with her and to imagine a future of you touching her or even other people who aren't me?" He spouts. "It's unfair of you to do that, Kang Taehyun. It's unfair when I've been waiting for you to love me back for 7 years."

Taehyun looks at him, stunned. He didn't know what to say. And it was probably the wrong time to laugh in this situation. But he does. He's full on laughing, a grin on his face which really doesn't help the inner turmoil that was already happening inside Beomgyu.

"Yah! Stop laughing at me!" he shrieks, hitting Taehyun's chest. If his intention was to hurt Taehyun by doing that, then he was doing a horrible job at it. He was too weak to do any damage.

Taehyun looks at him in the eyes before leaning in and capturing his lips getting a squeak out of Beomgyu. He starts pecking him on his cheeks then his nose before going back to his lips.

"I love you hyung" he breathes out, a stupid grin on his face as he continues to kiss the living daylight out of Beomgyu.

"Yah!" Beomgyu squeals, separating himself from Taehyun's lips. "You didn't even say anything after pouring my heart out to you!"

Taehyun tilts his head at this, "what do you mean? Didn't I just do the same thing?"

Another smack from Beomgyu. "You literally went out on a date with that girl and now you're saying you love me?"

"Hyung you literally made out with another guy. A guy we both don't know. I think we're pretty even depending on the severity of our mistakes." He says flatly before pushing him down the bed making Beomgyu giggle as he wraps his arms around his neck, fully clinging on him like a koala. "Hey Hyunnie"

"Hmm?"

"Let's never do that again."

“Yeah.”

“Because we’re meant to be together.”

“Yeah.”

“I love you.” He breathes out, both of them sporting a grin on their faces.

And all of a sudden it was as if they were back in high school again when they were laughing and giggling whenever they would secretly make out in Beomgyu’s childhood bedroom.

One thing led to another and soon enough clothes littered the floor and both of them laid naked on the bed. Beomgyu was still open for Taehyun from last night, giving them less time to prep him. Taehyun would thrust into Beomgyu, loving the way that Beomgyu would just whine and wither in his hold as if he were putty. He shamelessly leaned down and sucked on Beomgyu’s neck, leaving bruises to pile up on top of the ones he gave him last night. When it comes to sex, Taehyun tends to be pretty rough, loves to mark Beomgyu’s body as if it were his.

Taehyun continues to thrust, and Beomgyu’s warm naked body under him jerks from the abruptness of the hickeys being given to him, whining so loudly that they were sure their neighbors could hear. And yeah, Taehyun got a lot of satisfaction from that, smiling as he licks the bite marks on Beomgyu’s skin.

They made love through the night until Beomgyu’s body was covered in Taehyun’s mark and Beomgyu obviously left some of his own too. Not as much as Taehyun but he was fine because Taehyun was possessive and they both knew that. But at least now they don’t have to hide it anymore.

Taehyun cleaned them up before joining Beomgyu in bed who was too out of it to even say anything for a while.

“No one comes close to you.” Beomgyu manages to breathe out.

“I’d hope not. You’ve only ever done it with me and no one else.” Taehyun said darkly. “damn it hyung, you just had to remind me. I want to kill that guy.”

Beomgyu chuckles before slapping his chest. “Don’t be stupid. Besides, you’re the one who actually did it with people before me. I swear to god if I see those fucking bitches I’m gonna kill them.”

Taehyun rolls his eyes at this. “Now you’re being stupid. Besides, it’s been a long time and I’m pretty sure I didn’t even do shit properly with them.”

“That’s not the point, Kang Taehyun!”

“Yeah, yeah. Goodnight hyung, I love you.” he says before pecking him again on the lips.

Beomgyu lets out a satisfied sigh before snuggling closer to him. “I love you too.”

They laughed against each other’s lips. And they fell asleep in each other’s arms, warm and content after years of dancing around each other.

End Notes

Don't forget to leave a kudos if you like it so far!!

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!